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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL marks its 100th anniversary, having begun on Nov. 6, 1869 with a friendly tussle between Rutgers and Princeton in New Brunswick. Since then thousands of players have run, passed and tackled, and from these Dan Jenkins selects the 11 who make up what might be called the All-Century team. Following that is a look at the new season, including the hazardous selection of the nation's Top 20 teams, reports on the leading conferences, independents and small colleges. Plus, of course, the normal news and features.

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SCORECARD

PHANTOM CROWDS

A somewhat startling new practice is being followed by the American League this season to record attendance. The traditional method (still followed in the National League) is to count the bodies actually passing through the turnstiles each day. But the new way is to add up the number of tickets sold and release that as the attendance—and never mind how many of those tickets are still lying unused in a desk drawer someplace, which frequently happens when season ticket holders feel disinclined to come out on a chilly, misty night to watch the Boston Red Sox, say, take on the Seattle Pilots.

It may be valid business practice (visiting teams get their full share of all tickets sold), but when the box score says, "Attendance—22,542," it seems that should mean 22,542 fans were right there in the ball park.

SPARRING PARTNER

Last week members of the city council of Macon, Ga. rejected what they said was a request from Muhammad Ali to box in their fair city. "This man has refused to fight for his country," said Mayor Ronnie Thompson, "but he wants to fight for the dollar under a free-enterprise system that other Americans, both black and white, are fighting and dying to preserve. I would prefer that he not come to Macon."

Said the heavyweight champion: "They turned me down? That's pretty funny. I didn't even know I was asking. Who in his right mind would want to fight in Macon, Georgia?"

What happened was, some time ago a group of black Georgia citizens called Ali. Would you, they asked, be interested in fighting an exhibition to help our people? The money from such an exhibition, Ali was told, would go toward the purchase of sewing machines. "They said they'd use the machines to make clothes to give to the poor black people. I said that if that was what the

money would go for then I'd be glad to fight an exhibition. That's the last I heard until now. They must be the ones that asked."

While the requesting and subsequent denying was going on, Ali was in Miami Beach where he spent 10 days—and 42 rounds—sparring with Jimmy Ellis, his old sparring partner, who will defend his WBA share of the heavyweight championship against Henry Cooper in London this month. Ali was paid \$50 a day plus \$32 for hotel expenses.

"People were getting all excited to see me jumping around in a ring," said Ali, "but I was just getting in shape. I don't know why they think I'm getting ready to fight. Everybody knows I'm going to jail."

"You know he's going to jail," said Lou Gross, a Miami Beach trainer who noticed that Ali came alone to the Fifth Street Gym each day. "Remember when he was fighting? He must have had 20, 30 guys around him, courting him, spending his money. Now he's got nobody. The bloodsuckers know That man is jailbound."

FALL IN THE SADDLE

No handicap is too great to overcome if you have the drive and ambition. At the Longueurs track in Renton, Wash. there is a jockey named Eldon Hall, who is 6' 1".

THINGS TO COME

With an eye to pro football's realignment next season, the Cleveland Browns have had Mike Nixon, former head coach of the Washington Redskins and the Pittsburgh Steelers, visit AFL training camps this summer and size up teams and players. Most of the AFL clubs welcomed Nixon cordially, though Buffalo and Oakland refused him access to their camps and agreed only to let him study game films.

Nixon's reaction to the AFL is revealing. He thinks that five of the 10 AFL teams—New York, Oakland, Kan-

sas City, San Diego and Houston—are capable of playing evenly with the NFL. "The others," he says, "have some catching up to do." However, he adds that before the season is very far along Buffalo may be up with the top five. Nixon is impressed by the Bills' defense and predicts, "With O.J. they'll be a real contender this season."

HUNTING GROUND

In a masterpiece of timing, the Northern Ireland Tourist Board has sent out an attractive color brochure to prospective travelers from Great Britain saying, "Come shooting in Ulster."

The brochure adds: "We hope that our visitors who decide to take these shooting holidays will not only obtain the utmost enjoyment from them but will see some of our famous attractions, tour our green, unspoiled countryside and come back with friends in succeeding years to taste again the hospitality of the Ulster people."

But it warns, "Visitors must apply to the Royal Ulster Constabulary for firearm certificates. Though subject always to public safety, every effort is made to avoid elaborate procedures."

BETTER THAN NONE

Placckicker Charlie Durkee, who was annoyed by the new NFL rule on trick kicking shoes (Scorecard, Aug. 18), has been released by the New Orleans Saints—but not because his metal-reinforced shoe was declared illegal. What brought about Durkee's downfall was another kicker with the Saints named Tom Dempsey, who booted Charlie out of a job. Dempsey, a free agent who spent 1968 on the San Diego Chargers' taxi squad, was born without a right hand and with only half a right foot. Yet in one exhibition game this year he used his incomplete foot to kick field goals of 16, 49 and 54 yards, the last only two yards shy of the NFL record. Dempsey wears a sort of half-shoe with the kicking surface covered by a horseshoe-shaped piece of leather. Mark Duncan of the commissioner's office, who banned Durkee's metal-reinforced shoe earlier, approved Dempsey's, even though the oddly shaped shoe, developed last year by the Chargers, cost \$500 to produce. Duncan said the key factor was the lack of metal in Dempsey's shoe. "I've examined some shoes," Duncan said, "that I could hardly lift."

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

Even so, Charlie Durkee was tripped—by everything. One Saint player said, "There is no question that the combination of having his shoe outlaid and Dempsey kicking those moon-shot field goals psyched Charlie." As for Dempsey, the new Saint placekicker says, "A shoe hinders me. I'd rather kick barefoot. I once kicked a 61-yard field goal without shoes."

JOGGERS?

The Novosti Information Service, a press service of the Soviet Union that specializes in notes on sport and physical culture, issued Bulletin No. 8275 on Aug. 11. With a perfectly straight face it offered two not necessarily related items: the first was a statistical report on Physical Culture Day (45 million people engaged in organized sport in the Soviet Union, 208,000 sports organizations in factories, schools, farms and institutions, 201,000 instructors, 2,000 sports doctors, 3,065 stadiums, 34,318 sports grounds, 91,882 football fields, 419,027 basketball and volleyball courts, etc.); the second noted that Medjid Agayev of Tikhahand in Azerbaijan had just celebrated his 135th birthday and had received a telegram of congratulations from 164-year-old Shirali Muslimov, also of Azerbaijan. There was no mention of what sports Medjid and Shirali took part in.

HOLD DOWN

Plans for the Munich Olympics of 1972 are moving along briskly, but not too briskly. West Germany, hypersensitive to anti-German feeling left over from the Hitler era, is pushing a low-key, soft-sell image and likes to refer to the Munich games as the "friendly, human Olympics of '72." This was evidenced in the decision to let the eccentric refugee Russian Timofey Prokhorov (SPORT SWI), May 27, 1968) remain in his jerry-built home right spang in the middle of the area designated as the site of the Olympics. Plans were altered, and the Olympic equestrian course will now be built around Timofey. Also rising are an 80,000-seat stadium, a 10,000-seat arena for boxing and basketball and an 8,000-seat pool, all to be covered by one huge, fiber glass, tentlike roof that will also cover access roads to the subway. Nearby will be another indoor arena, a velodrome, a press building, a television center and apartments that will house 12,000 athletes and officials.

And there, too—already constructed—is the spectacular centerpiece of the Olympics, the \$6.5 million concrete tower called the *Olympiaturm*, which is topped by a television spire, an observation deck and a revolving restaurant. The really significant thing about the *Olympiaturm* is its height, 290 meters (951 feet), which is only 10 meters less than France's Eiffel Tower, the tallest building in Europe. Now it is hardly likely that German technology was unable to add another dozen or so prestige meters to the tower and thus make it the tallest in Europe. No, indeed. The *Olympiaturm* was deliberately kept 10 meters short so as not to hurt the feelings of the French and to reaffirm the theme of the friendly, human Olympics.

Adolf Hitler must be spinning in his bunker.

REVERSE IMAGE

Bethune-Cookman College of Daytona Beach, Fla. is a member of the predominantly black Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference, but it is actively recruiting white football players. Nine white boys, all from Florida and Georgia high schools, came to Bethune-Cookman this year and the college has added a white assistant coach, Bud Asher, to Head Coach Jack McClaire's staff. McClaire, who has brought Bethune-Cookman football from relative obscurity to comparative strength, says, "We talked to a lot of the boys at the Georgia high school all-star game. Some of the players' parents were reluctant to have their sons come here, but we invited them down to see our physical plant and they decided to come into the fold."

THEY SAID IT

• Sam Jones, Boston Celtic star who retired this spring, explaining that it did not surprise him when Bill Russell announced that he was resigning as player-coach of the team: "What would you do if Sam Jones retired?"

• John Brodie, 49er quarterback: "When Joe Namath throws the ball, they call it a quick release. With me, they say I unload."

• George King, Purdue basketball coach, commenting on the lecture he gives at summer coaching clinics on the Purdue offense and its star, Rick Mount: "I call it my sermon on the Mount." **END**



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FORD 

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IN THE GENTLE STATE OF TEXAS



Long before they ever met, the Dallas Cowboys were the biggest rivals the Houston Oilers had. The Cowboys were unaware of this except at the management level, where TV ratings were studied with pleasure. As recently as 1964 the ratings showed far more people in Houston watched the Cowboys on TV than watched the Oilers either in person or on the tube. To the Oilers this was an affront that demanded some sort of Texas satisfaction. Preferably the sort Sam Bass got from bank clerks—a payoff in violence and money, the state's leading values.

But to the Cowboys the notion of a rivalry with Houston was degrading. Especially after the Dallas Texans moved to Kansas City, the Cowboys thought of themselves as the only genuine pro football team in the state. A few years ago Oiler General Manager Don Klosterman sug-

gested to his Dallas counterpart, Tex Schramm, that their teams have a series of exhibition games on a home-and-home basis. Schramm laughed and said no thanks, he'd rather play the Oilers in Houston if at all. "We've got a lot of fans in Houston," said Schramm. "You don't have any fans in Dallas."

Though Klosterman was offended, what Schramm said was true. Oiler games have never been regularly televised in Dallas. But for the last 10 years the Cowboys have been on TV in Houston almost every autumn Sunday. It might be argued that more people in Houston would recognize Bob Lilly and Bob Hayes out of uniform than could identify Bud Adams and Judge Hofheinz with numbers on their backs.

The first Dallas-Houston exhibition game came in 1967



*Bob Lilly of the Cowboys clobbers Oilers Quarterback
Pete Beethard, and Miller Farr spends Lance Rentzer*



by EDWIN SHRAKE

after the NFL-AFL merger was agreed upon. The players called the game the Neely Bowl. Offensive Tackle Ralph Neely had signed a contract with Houston and then had returned his check and signed with Dallas. After lengthy skirmishes in court, it was legally decreed that Neely belonged to Houston. Neely swore he would quit rather than move down to the Gulf Coast. So Schramm bought the rights to Neely for a first, a second and two fifth-round draft choices—with which the Oilers acquired three starting players—and a promise of three exhibition games in Houston.

On a rainy day two years ago the Cowboys beat the Oilers 30-17 in Rice Stadium before a crowd of more than 50,000, the largest that had ever seen Houston play. Last season the Oilers moved into the Astrodome and Dallas

continued

again won, 33-19, before 52,289, once more the largest crowd that had ever seen the Oilers at home. By then the Oilers were convinced they had a dandy vendetta going. Muddeningly, the Cowboys still wouldn't admit it. As far as the Cowboys were concerned, if they had any rival in pro football it was Green Bay.

"I guess this could turn into a real rivalry with Houston sometime," Tex Schramm said last week. "But I don't know of any real rivalries between Texas cities. Dallas and Fort Worth are supposed to be big rivals, but the SMU-TCU game doesn't seem to mean much anymore. The way to create a rivalry is to have two very good, very well-matched teams playing each other. When I was with the Rams in the early '50s, we had a strong rivalry with San Francisco, but both cities had good teams. Later the caliber of football in those two cities went down for a while, and the rivalry disappeared.

"I don't mean to disparage Houston, but Kansas City would draw more people in Dallas than Houston would. The Chiefs have a better record. Because of our two championship games and our national TV games with the Packers, our rival is Green Bay. The Bears and Green Bay have a traditional rivalry, but most others are born of the competition of the times. They come and go. Like Baltimore and the Rams lately, New York and Cleveland in the old days, Detroit and Cleveland before that, our rivalry with Green Bay may dissipate quickly.

"The Oilers are improving," Schramm continued, "but, frankly they wouldn't do as well in Dallas as some of the more successful clubs. The attraction depends on who's winning. The hot article now is the Jets. Our game with them in the Cotton Bowl is sold out. But our coaches think the Oilers may be a big attraction pretty soon. They're a very rough team. In the near future we might have a home-and-home arrangement with Houston."

Klosterman believes the Oiler-Cowboy rivalry is already here. "A lot of emotion has been built up about this," he says. "The games we play with Dallas are always mean—well, let's say very brisk. The Cowboys get lots of publicity, they're supposed to be the best. It's like the Jets got tired of hearing about the Giants. We're tired of hearing about Dallas."

Dallas and Houston are 240 miles apart on the map but farther apart in style. Dallas is a nest of bankers and insurance men, a white-collar town, humorless, conservative in its politics, dull in architecture, dominated by an oligarchy and distinguished by the number of citizens who claim godless Communists are going to steal their money. Houston, the country's third-largest seaport, is a sprawling confusion of freeways connecting clumps of buildings laid across a vast coastal plain that is coated with smog; it is rather like a smaller Los Angeles, except for the lack of broken terrain. Houston is the nation's capital for gas and oil dealers (though its first great fortunes came from cotton), is noted for its hospitals and, of course, for NASA, and is possibly the most thoroughly air-conditioned city in the world. It is also a violent, hysterical place.

In the last few months a group of moral vigilantes burned down the movie theater showing *I Am Curious* (Yellow), bombed an underground newspaper called the *Space City News*, bombed a radio station and covered the city with leaflets reading "The White Knights of the KKK are watching you." Last week in Houston, Tex. Schramm was almost run down by a thief in a stolen car and then came close to being shot by a pursuing private cop—and this while taking his wife to dinner.

Oiler Owner Bud Adams has had four general managers and five head coaches since 1960, and the Oilers have played in three different stadiums. On the other hand, the Cowboys have had the same head coach, Tom Landry, for 10 years, the same general manager, the same chief scout, the same equipment man—Schramm has even had the same secretary.

But the Cowboys have changed this year, both in personnel and, they say, in attitude. The change began after Dallas lost to Cleveland in a playoff last season. The Cowboys were disgruntled when they went to Miami to play in the Third Best Bowl. They believed they should have been playing in the Super Bowl. The players called a meeting to find out why they had lost twice to the Packers in championship games and had been unable to beat Cleveland when it counted most.

Among the speakers at the meeting were Neely, Defensive Tackle Bob Lilly and Middle Linebacker Lee Roy Jor-

dan. Many Dallas fans were blaming the quarterback, Don Meredith, for not winning the big games, but the players decided the fault lay with themselves. They said they simply were not determined enough, not in good enough shape and were too mild of manner. They asked Landry to transform them, beginning with the 1969 training camp.

Before that camp, Meredith and Fullback Don Perkins quit. Meredith had been losing his enthusiasm for the game, particularly since he was yanked in the second half against Cleveland, and he so dreaded returning to training camp that he chose to devote himself to other enterprises. He was offered sports-announcing jobs by at least two TV networks, but he turned them down, saying his interest in football was over. Perkins had retired before and had been talked out of it, but this time he meant it. At camp the players were uneasy about the absence of Meredith and Perkins, who had been two of their leaders. Landry informed the team he was going to do as requested and run a very tough camp, and anyone who wished to leave was free to do so.

"He asked each one of us if we intended to stick it out, and we said yeah," says Neely. "We knew it was going to be hard. We used to depend on Meredith and Perkins to pull us out of trouble, but they were gone. In ability, Craig Morton and Walt Garrison might eventually surpass them, but their leadership will be difficult to replace. Still, we made up our minds we were going to beat ex-



everybody in every way—on the scoreboard, mentally, physically. People always say the Cowboys have a lot of class, a lot of style, but never that the Cowboys will knock your head off. This year we will."

"We're more aggressive now," Lilly says. "Maybe the word for it is mean. We don't stand around. You see a guy, you knock him down. There is definitely a different attitude. Our guys are getting older, and it's time for us to win a championship. Maybe we're more determined because Don and Perk retired, but I haven't heard their names mentioned since the second day of camp."

The feeling has carried over to the rookies. Calvin Hill of Yale kept calling the Cowboys from the College All-Star camp, fretting that he wasn't being worked strenuously enough and might get out of shape. Interest in the new Cowboys rose to such a pitch that their first home exhibition game, against Green Bay, was a sellout, with thousands of people milling around the gates hogging for tickets.

This was not lost on the folk in Houston, either. The Oilers were displaying muscles of their own, beating Buffalo and Chicago and losing to Baltimore on a long pass in the final seconds. Two weeks before Houston's game with the Cowboys, there wasn't an unsold Astro-dome seat. If the Cowboys did not as yet view this game as a true rivalry, people in Houston did. Oiler Coach Wally Lemm said it was no special event to him, but one of his quarterbacks, Don

Trull, said, "They're billing this game as the Championship of Texas, and I guess that's right. We sure do hear about the Cowboys all the time. It would be good to beat them."

Texas Governor Preston Smith was persuaded to fly to Houston to present a new trophy—called the Governor's Cup—to the winning owner. This news was greeted with some sarcasm by observers who noted the governor should be happy to escape Austin, where the legislature was floundering over a tax bill and the state was about to run out of funds. When the governor was introduced at the Astrodome, which was packed with 55,310—including about 10,600 who had bought standing-room tickets—the biggest "money gate" ever, he was booed as if he had turned off the air conditioning.

And last week, for the third year in a row, it was the biggest crowd ever to see the Oilers at home. Tickets were being openly scalped downtown for \$35 to \$60. Houston TV Announcer Bill Farris said he had been called that morning by an oilman who offered \$100 each for Farris' four tickets. "I didn't sell them," Farris said, "but I told my wife and kids they'd better enjoy this game."

The Oilers' defensive unit shut out the Cowboys in the first half, and Houston led 3-0. In the third quarter Dallas controlled the ball, and the Oilers began to weaken. Murton threw a 34-yard touchdown pass to Lance Rentzel, who had a most enjoyable night. He had broken his nose the week before against

the Packers and he was knocked cold twice by the Oilers, whom he accused of overuse of elbows. "On top of all that," Rentzel said, "I was coming up the ramp after a game and a fan rushed up to get my autograph and hit me on the nose. I want out of here."

Hill, who is going to be outstanding as a running back, scored again for Dallas on a three-yard run. Very late in the game Trull flipped a three-yard touchdown pass to Jim Beirne and then passed to Hoyle Granger for the two-point conversion to pull the Oilers up to 14-11. It ended that way after an onside kick was recovered by Dallas.

Up in Judge Hoffenberg's box, the judge, the governor, Bud Adams and Astronauts Neil Armstrong, Mike Collins and James McDivitt were waiting when Cowboy Owner Clint Murchison—who insists his new bubble-topped Texas Stadium in Irving will be superior to the Astrodome as a football plant—walked in to get his trophy. As Smith started to hand it over, Beirne caught the touchdown pass. "Hold it," Murchison said. Moments later he accepted the trophy, saying, "I would like to express my appreciation for the strategy planned for us by Granny Emma."

"Well, fine," said Governor Smith, who didn't know Granny Emma from Grandma Frickert. Fine, indeed. Granny Emma is a Dallas disc jockey who had bet a day's pay on the game with a Houston disc jockey. Whether or not the Cowboys admit it, the rivalry is alive and well in Texas.

END

Dallas' rampaging rookie Calvin Hill of Yale breaks away from clobbering Elvin Bethea and slides grasp of Jim LeMone to score from the three





Astros' Doug Rader floats to first base against Cards.

MAD SCRAMBLE EAST AND WEST...

With only a month to go, at least seven National League teams are in lovely fighting positions for the two playoff berths, but Chicago and San Francisco seem the safest
by **PETER CARRY**

A physician might call it insomnia, a psychiatrist could say it was acute anxiety, but in layman's terms what kept the Cubs' Ernie Banks (*see cover*) up late watching television one night last week was nothing more than a sudden severe outbreak of an old baseball trauma, the close pennant race. Since his Eastern Division-leading team had lost its fourth consecutive game that afternoon, Banks was not about to be humored by Johnny Carson, Joey Bishop, Merv Griffin or Randolph Scott in *Carson City* on Chicago's Channel 9. He wanted the West Coast scores and he was not getting them. Finally, he impatiently phoned the press box in San Diego, where New York was playing, and asked for a report.

The news was bad and couldn't have done much for Banks' slumbers the rest of that night. The Mets were on the way to their 12th win in their last 13 games. In a remarkable 14-day stretch, while the Cubs were losing nine games, they moved from 9½ games out of first place to two and revived a race in what had been the quiescent—but by no means quiet—division of the National League. Fans in five towns of the Western Division—Atlanta, Cincinnati, Houston, Los Angeles and San Francisco—had long since acclimated themselves to sleeplessness. In their division the first five teams had not been separated by more than 4½ games for over a month and each, except for the Astros, had spent some time in first place.

When the baseball owners decided to move to divisional play this season, their

announced reason was that it would give the fans two races to fret over instead of one. What was not proclaimed was that there was a lot of money to be made playing it this way. In the National League at least, the owners have scored well on both counts. Attendance is up in six of the seven contending cities. Never has there been anything as close as the Western Division struggle, and games at Chicago's Wrigley Field and New York's Shea Stadium were reminiscent of the old Brooklyn Dodger and New York Giant days. Consistently near-capacity crowds rivaled only each other in the extremes of their lunacy.

The tossing and turning is not apt to stop in any of the seven towns until late September because each of the contenders has shown that it has strengths which can keep it close to the top, yet none has been powerful enough to indicate that it can pull away to a safe lead.

In the East, New York looked finished on Aug. 13 when it fell out of second place for the first time in 71 days. Then the Mets' pitchers, who had been very effective in the first half of the season but suffered a slump in the month following the All-Star Game, flipped on their good sides again. They allowed only two runs a game during New York's drive, and Manager Gil Hodges' staff now looks deeper and tougher than ever. To go along with Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman and Gary Gentry, who have been reliable most of the year, the Mets have received impressive pitching from veteran Don Cardwell and 25-year-old Jim McAndrew. Bothered by injuries un-

til recently, McAndrew picked up three wins during the streak, allowing just 10 hits and tying the team record for consecutive scoreless innings at 23.

With a strong, not seriously overworked bullpen to go with his five starters, Hodges must hope that his two-man offense of Tommie Agee and Cleon Jones remains intact. Jones has matured into a .350 hitter and Agee has come back strongly from a .217 year in 1968. Between the two of them, they have scored or driven in well over half of New York's runs.

The imponderable for the Mets is Hodges himself. Hawk Harrelson notwithstanding, Hodges has proved, first in Washington and now in New York, that he is an extraordinary teacher and driver of young players. If Hodges can impart to his team some of the stead-



Reds' Pete Rose slides home in Cub game.

ness under pressure that he gained in seven pennant drives with the Dodgers, the Mets—who have only one more loss than Chicago—could win.

But the Cubs remain the favorite. The simple fact is that their pitching is better than it has looked lately. Chicago's hitting during the slump also dropped off slightly, but the top six men in the lineup, Don Kessinger, Glenn Beckert, Billy Williams, Ron Santo, Banks and Randy Hundley, are all strong offensively and defensively. Recently the Cubs have found another slugger in Outfielder Jim Hickman, who averaged .300 with 10 home runs during August.

Surprisingly on a Leo Durocher-managed team, complacency seems to be the Cubs' biggest problem. Since mid-June they have played only seven games over .500 and last week no one, including Durocher, had the energy to go argue when an umpire obviously missed a call, ruling that a ball that would have given Chicago a single had been caught instead of trapped by a Cincinnati outfielder.

Despite Banks' call to San Diego, a ban on photographers in the clubhouse and a run-in between Santo and a paper-cup dispenser, the Chicago players insist that panic has not settled in. "We haven't choked," said Kessinger last week. But, said a Chicago reporter and Cub fan, "There's a lot of whining in the dark going on around here."

The schedule is only a minor factor in the East, where the Mets and Cubs each have 13 games against the other strong Eastern teams, St. Louis and Pittsburgh. The Cards, nine games behind, and Pirates, 9½ out, retain a small chance for first place, but both hurt themselves by cooling off from hot streaks even as the Cubs were dipping into their slump. Chicago and New York finish the season with a two-game face-off at Wrigley Field. If the Mets' pitchers still have their club in contention, those should be, in the words of Durocher, "some kind of games."

In the West, where the lead has changed hands 19 times this year, almost all the remaining play will be some kind of games, too. Except for the Giants, who average only in the low .240s but hit with jolting power and now enjoy improved pitching, the West stands as a classic confrontation of the Dodgers' and Astros' tight pitching against the strong hitting of the Braves and Reds.

Houston's appearance in the race

ranks as almost as much of a surprise as the Mets'. After losing 20 of their first 24 games, the Astros have had the best record in the division mainly because of a bright young trio of starters, 24-year-old Don Wilson, 22-year-old Larry Dierker and 21-year-old Tom Griffin, the prime reasons why the Astros should set a league record for striking out opposing batters.

In the closing weeks the pitchers will receive a boost from playing more of their games at home. "The biggest thing in our favor down the stretch is that we play 16 of our last 29 games in the Dome, where we're 44-21 for the season," says Manager Harry Walker. The springy AstroTurf helps a Walker team, since he specializes in teaching weak hitters to pressure opponents by hitting choppers in and over the infield. The chop hitting and the Astros' league lead in stolen bases show up in their scoring. Houston's batting average is ninth in the league but it is fifth in scoring, even though Jimmy Wynn is the only power hitter on the team.

L. A. scores fewer runs than the Astros, but its three best starters are tougher. No National League team since the 1923 Reds with Eppa Rixey, Dolph League and Pete Donohue has had three pitchers win over 20 games. Claude Osteen (18-11), Bill Singer (16-8) and Don Sutton (15-12), all having their best seasons, could match that.

Trades by rookie General Manager Al Campanis have set the Dodgers for a strong drive. He picked up leadoff and second-place hitters Maury Wills and Manny Mota from the Expos in June and then purchased Jim Bunning from the Pirates several weeks ago. Bunning, who threw a shutout in his first start for Los Angeles, gave the team a lift after Don Drysdale's retirement. "What an addition," said Catcher Jeff Torborg. "We've won it now."

Atlanta's Henry Aaron lays the pressure squarely on his team and Cincinnati when he says, "It's going to take about a 10-game winning streak by whoever wins it." Aaron is probably right, and it is more difficult for hitting teams to put together long streaks when they have, as the Braves and Reds do, only one big winner on the pitching staff. Atlanta's Phil Niekro has won 18 times and has half of his team's complete games. Fifteen-game winner Jim Merritt has pitched five of the Reds' 13 complete



Cubs' Oscar Gamble wins one over Reds.

games. Both Cincinnati's and Atlanta's bullpens are overworked and, of late, inconsistent.

But with a little pitching, either team can be punishing. The Reds' average of 282 includes 155 home runs and 300 hitters Pete Rose, Alex Johnson, Tony Peter, Johnny Bench and Bobby Tolan. The Braves are lower than Cincinnati in both average and homers, but their top batters, Aaron, Felipe Alou and Orlando Cepeda, have all been through tight pennant drives before and are less likely to stumble under pressure.

Hounded by injuries all year but now healthy, San Francisco entered September fresh from a nine-game winning streak, with a one-game lead and the best chance to win. Juan Marichal is in top form again, bullpen ace Frank Linzy has come on strongly, Ray Sadecki, a 20-game winner for the champion 1964 Cards, has suddenly regained his fast-ball and the league's best overall hitter, Willie McCovey, and Bobby Bonds are both in hitting streaks. The Giants play six of their last nine games against the almost hopeless San Diego Padres. Practically the only person not impressed with that fact is Giant Owner Horace Stoneham. "I'd rather play the tough teams head to head," he said. "I've seen this kind of situation before, with a contender thinking more about the scoreboard than its own game."

During September in the National League, the scoreboard will demand serious consideration. With so many contenders, every game will seem crucial. Ernie Banks won't be the only player making a long distance phone call during the night's desperate hours.

CONTINUED

... A FESTIVE LOSE-IN AT MONTREAL



A well-turned usherette, typical of the eye-catching girls who also serve concession stands, guides two happy fans to their seats.

With an Expo hat on his head and a future happening on his mind, a Montreal expectant lines up before the team's advance sale window.

Take one well-roasted ball club, place it in a small park, season with French fain, sprinkle with tourists, add a touch of the Mets' madness and perhaps a smidgen of Woodstock and vulgò—the craziest dish in all baseball, the Montreal Expos. They are National Leaguers who seldom win, but they have played to more than a million elated fans this year, and if there is a novelty about a new ball club, there is also something special about Montreal. Take one night in early June. A chill wind was roaring at 35 mph and the Expos had already lost 16 straight in what became a 20-game slump. But 20,000 cheering followers packed into Jarry Park as though the team were in the Series. "I just shake my head in astonishment," said General Manager Jim Fanning. "When we lose, people encourage me to keep plugging. They actually feel for us." A Canadian business paper reported, "Baseball Montreal-style appears to be more of a festival than a sport," and Emile Constantine, head of Montreal parks, said, "The Expos are affecting almost every facet of our lives." So many youngsters showed up at city parks this summer to play baseball that Constantine remarked, "It's becoming a new religion, a new way of life for young Montrealers." Religion or festival, the chairman of the Expos, Charles Bronfman, ordered a study on the sociological significance of the team, confessing happily, "Something's going on but I don't know what it is."





Kenny Brand, son of reserve Montreal catcher, plays a guessing game with clubhouse cop. He and a slew of other kids often play catch outside park.



Ready to be marveled at by visiting reporters, French nameplates are affixed to press-box seats.

Enthusiast fiddles on dugout roof as Montreal fails to burn. No one knows who he is or what he plays because organist drowns him out.



FLUFFY MAKES IT NO CONTEST

Portly Steve Melnyk, a 22-year-old Georgian who likes a good meal as much as he does a birdie, had both last week as he won the U.S. Amateur Championship at Oakmont by five strokes **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Across a corner table of a Holiday Inn dining room late one night last week, two college guys, still wearing their pastel work shirts and wearied from a long day on the golf course, decided that it would be nice if the amateur title should pass from one to the other.

"I don't know what a man does after missing a cut," said the thin one. "Maybe I'll stick around and watch you win."

"Ah, you could carry my scorecard," answered the fat one. "Two under, two over—you know. I need someone for that. By the way, may I have the bread, please?"

And then, laughing, Bruce Fleisher, the defender who had missed the cut, did indeed hand over the bread and his title, too, please, to Steve Melnyk who easily won the 69th U.S. Amateur Championship at Oakmont, Pa.

At the time Melnyk was only midway through a tournament he was to dominate from start to finish. He grabbed the lead by two strokes with a first-round 70 and from then on alternately threatened to chew up the golf course and spit it back at the field—or, just as often, choke on his big lead.

The 240-pound University of Florida undergraduate from Brunswick, Ga., is called "Deity" at Gainesville and "Fluffy" by his Walker Cup teammates. "because, well, I guess I look like a Fluffy." He is bulging on top, bulging all around and has a knee reduced to pudding from an old football injury. But he threw 70-73-73-70—286 at the other 149 amateurs last week and left them wondering whether bread, potatoes and ice cream pie aren't the best aids to a man's swing after all.

Melnik won the tournament by five shots over Marvin (Vanne) Giles III, whose numeral also indicates the number of times he has placed second in the amateur in the last three years, and by seven over Allen Miller.

The new champion, who is of Rus-

sian descent (his grandparents emigrated from Kiev in the Ukraine), is a friendly, easygoing drinking partner to several members of the young crowd who dominate amateur golf. They know his balloon face, which resembles the heavy in cartoons featuring furry animals, and recognize his golf game as that of a man who won five straight college tournaments at Florida this year (tying two NCAA records) as well as the Western Amateur. His closest companion on the golf course is the last Florida graduate to win the amateur, Bob Murphy. It was Murphy who after winning his first two pro tournaments last year flew to Georgia to console Fluffy as he lay in a hospital bed recovering from a knee operation. That hiatus, which came during the week of the 1968 amateur, undoubtedly was on his mind as Melnyk frolicked with his lead at Oakmont.

In a sense there were really two winners last week. Melnyk and the treacherous Oakmont course itself. More than a dozen national tournaments (including PGA and NCAA events) have been played at the club over the years, and this was the eighth USGA championship to be held there. Normally you have needed a name to win. Bobby Jones and Willie Turnesa captured national amateurs at Oakmont, while Tommy Armour, Ben Hogan and Jack Nicklaus (who beat Arnold Palmer in the famous 1962 playoff) won three of the club's four national Opens. But no one can mention Oakmont without recalling the 1935 Open, which gave to a startled golf world the name of Sam Parks Jr., a local pro who not only won the tournament but was the only man to break 300. And no one mentions Oakmont, either, without adding a moan and a groan for its sand bunkers and its greens.

Nestled snugly into the Allegheny hills, the plush club is a stronghold of what is referred to, sometimes not kindly, as the "Eastern Establishment." (Andrew

Mellon once resigned his Oakmont membership, objecting when the dues were raised.) The 6,670-yard par-71 course is surrounded by woods that hardly ever come into play, and there is not a single water hazard anywhere. But some members will swear on a stack of their \$100 bills that they would rather play out of a tree trunk or the bottom of a lake than hit out of Oakmont's traps. Take the one between the 3rd and 4th fairways, for instance, that huge thing with its "church pews"—eight parallel grass ridges that catch hooked drives off both tees very nicely, or the one around the 233-yard 8th hole, the par-3 made difficult by the sand that starts from well in front of the green and stretches left for—get this—130 yards. Yet the golfer is forced to aim over that way because if he hits too far right he will bounce down the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Harrisburg.

This trap, which is 30 yards wide—is billed, probably correctly, as the "world's largest," but another, protruding the right side of Oakmont's show-case hole, the 435-yard 15th, is a close second. This one measures 95 yards long.

Oakmont's sand is no longer furrowed into deep trenches the way it used to be, but its greens—manufactured and cut to the quick by a complicated scientific process best explained in a single word, "sodasim"—are stiff as slick and mean as ever.

Actually Oakmont doesn't have greens so much as it has 18 rolling, swaying billiard tables. One golfer claimed he marked his ball with a nickel, and the nickel slid off the green. Another charged Melnyk had warmed up for Oakmont by putting on concrete. And many were the occasions all week when a man came in after four-putting relieved because it might have been five.

All of this explained why throughout the entire tournament only four rounds—Melnik's two 70s, Miller's sec-

ond-day 69 and Bob Zender's closing-round 70 were completed under par—this from a field that included the U.S. and British Walker Cup teams, as well as two local golfers who were out to show the others a thing or two about tough old Oakmont.

Much of the tournament's early talk centered around the Walker Cup matches a week earlier in Milwaukee where the American team had struggled to victory. Cuppers Melnyk, Miller, Michael Bonallack, the British captain, and Giles—who at 26 was surely the youngest "sentimental favorite" in all of sport—were among the top choices at Oakmont along with Fleisher, who shouldn't have been.

This has been a hard summer for the handsome idol of the teen set. After playing well in the Masters, Fleisher became ill in May and spent the better part of three weeks in bed, losing 15 pounds. Later on he played poorly in both the U.S. and British Opens and had not sufficiently recovered his weight when he won the Maccabiah Games tournament in Israel and when he was thrashed by Bonallack in the Walker Cup.

At Oakmont, in addition to the normal pressure of being defending champion, Fleisher was unduly concerned that the whole USGA was down on him for skipping a celebration dinner in Milwaukee where Bonallack had presented ties to the American team. His 78-81-159, which

missed the cut by three shots was not, therefore, so surprising to his teammates. "He looks thin and he isn't swinging right," said Giles.

After 36 holes, fortune had also turned for the once-proud local entry of John Birmingham and Jim Simons. Birmingham is a wealthy young dairyman who plays out of Oakmont, wins every tournament in Pennsylvania that the 19-year-old prodigy Simons doesn't and, according to friends, "does only three things—reads the *Wall Street Journal*, hits golf balls and drinks his company's milk."

His pairing with Simons, who is transferring from the University of Houston to Wake Forest this month, was a gallery's delight, and the two of them outdrew even Fleisher's mimboppers, Giles' sentimentalists and Melnyk's cadence convoys. Unfortunately, neither Birmingham nor Simons survived the cut, and the two of them exited, presumably to go have a few milks.

Just down the street from the Birmingham household, Melnyk and Fleisher, who were both houseguests of the Ken Elias family, came in from their dinner Thursday night. "You, Fleisher, are going out to the garage tonight," said Elias. "You, Melnyk, are moving upstairs." That afternoon burly Steve had threatened to blow open the tournament when he made the turn in two under par and led the field by six strokes. But he got lazy and lost four strokes in the next five holes, only to come back with a birdie at the fearsome 18th, one of the most beautiful finishing holes in golf.

On Friday, paired with Miller, the University of Georgia ace who was his Walker Cup roommate, Melnyk, buoyed by a chip-in from deep rough at the 6th, again surged to a six-stroke lead after nine holes. But again he lost most of it, until the 18th, where Giles and Miller bogeyed and Steve birdied.

Melnyk, by now muttering to himself about a back nine that he had played in seven over par the last two days and calling himself an idiot, was at three-over 216 and still had his three-stroke lead. Then on the next and last day he removed all doubts by shooting 32 on the front nine (to go eight shots ahead of the field) and coasting to victory. Fluffy had his title. **END**

Trying to find the line, Melnyk prepares to putt on one of Oakmont's notorious billiard tables.





Concessions —and Lies

During the ruckus at Oregon State last February, which centered on whether Coach Dee Andros had the right to make a black linebacker shave off his beard and mustache, an extraordinary statement was made. The speaker was John Didion, Andros' All-America center, and what he said is crucial to the problems many coaches are facing today. In effect, Didion was addressing these coaches—and they are in the majority—who cling to the myth that college athletes are collegians in the accepted sense of the word, that they are "students first and athletes second."

Nothing, of course, is further from the truth. Nevertheless, it is accepted by pusillanimous administrators and forces the coaches who pretend to believe in it into corners. "It is," says John McKay of USC, "the first lie." And today the young resent being lied to.

What John Didion said was this:

"When a man signs a contract to play a sport at Oregon State he obligates himself to comply with the rules that govern that sport as set down by his coach. This is understood by anyone who has played athletics at any level. There are few jobs at which a man receives nine months' pay for four or five months'

Some coaches are ready to make extreme efforts to relate to the new breed of student-athletes—who are really athlete-students. Others are fed up with so-called appeasement and clamor for a return to discipline and authority. But almost everyone agrees it's high time the kids were told the truth

work. Is it too much to ask that he sacrifice certain individual privileges in order to have his college education paid for, plus being entrusted with the honor of representing his school and his state through athletics?"

If coaches would own up to what John Didion said, they would have a lot less trouble with their athletes and other tormentors, but it sticks in their throats almost every time. They go to great lengths to skirt it, telling lies as they recant.

"We make a boy a hypocrite," says Ray Graves of Florida. "We say, 'You're a good athlete, so here's an academic scholarship.' We don't tell it like we ought to."

Coaches believe, but are afraid to say, that the scholarship athlete is an employee of the university. With a contract. Paid to produce, to represent the school as an entertainer and emissary, paid in the currency of the "free ride," an all-expenses education—tuition, books, board, laundry, walking around money, etc. The package comes to roughly \$13,000, but if the athlete also

gets his degree, its value is unlimited.

When John McKay recruits a boy for USC, he offers him 1) the chance to play on a winning football team and 2) a good education—in that order. He doesn't press the latter because, as he says, "a boy can get a good education at almost every accredited school today. But playing football for USC, that isn't something you can do anywhere." Bear Bryant takes about the same approach. A winning tradition is the big plus at Alabama. Bryant says he used to push the scholar first, athlete second routine, and he meant it, too, but he has come to realize that this might not be the most realistic approach today.

The basic terms of the contract for scholarship or "grant-in-aid," as well as various recruiting restrictions, have been arrived at painstakingly over the years by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Ostensibly, schools submit to these restrictions in order to keep their athletes in a state of purity, holy and acceptable unto the NCAA. But the real motive is economic: col-

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB CLARKSON

Wig, shades, bare feet—these helped Kansas Football Coach Pepper Rodgers close the gap.

DESPERATE COACH continued

leges can't afford to have price wars for athletes. They can, as individual institutions competing on equal terms, offer scholarships and fringe benefits, but more than that risks financial disaster. Hence the "student-first" myth.

By a slip of the tongue, Jack Mitchell let the truth out. Kansas University students had staged a sit-in at the chancellor's office, protesting alleged discriminatory practices in housing and fraternity selection. Mitchell, the football coach at the time, rebuked those protesters who were on his football team. "You're not here to demonstrate," he said. "You're here to play football."

Mitchell got a lot of heat, but why?

The athlete is not a normal student. What the NCAA refuses to recognize is that there is nothing wrong with being special, being paid for services in the most meaningful way a university can pay a boy. It doesn't taint the athlete any more than it does the scholarship pocolist in the marching band.

Once it is established what the college athlete on scholarship really is, then his relationship with the coach can be more clearly defined and better appreciated. The relationship is, essentially, that of employer-employee with a dash of father-son.

The faculty senate's position against Dee Andros was that no student should be interfered with in terms of beliefs, mode of dress, etc., "unless it demonstrably interferes with the university's basic function." But what is the university's "basic function" for Dee Andros? Fill the stadium, win games, bring glory, attract alumni donations.

If this were not his basic function, the Oregon State faculty should have been aroused on behalf of Coach Kip Taylor, just as they were for bearded line-backer Fred Milton. Taylor was fired 15 years ago for losing football games. There were no charges of "interference with the human rights" of Kip Taylor.

There are, of course, hundreds of Kip Taylors, coaches who didn't win or, having won a while, stopped winning. Just as no English professor ever gave a boy an athletic scholarship, no faculty senate has yet saved a losing coach from being fired. Dee Andros could take the chance of turning out a winning team without using his own system of discipline. But there would be no protection for him if this didn't work.

"There is," one coach notes, "a way out for the administrators—give a coach tenure and tell him it doesn't matter if he wins or loses and not to worry about

whether his players flunk out or not. Either-or. Change the system or let a coach run his shop the way he sees fit. But don't tear him down the middle."

It is obvious that the athlete has grasped the athlete-first, scholar-second priority quicker than those who make the rules. "You can't fool a kid today," says Cotton Fitzsimmons, the basketball coach at Kansas State. "He knows you've recruited him primarily because of what he can do on the basketball court and that your basic interest is not how he will fare in the classroom."

But in interpreting the rights of the scholar-athlete, the NCAA for years has held that he could not be run off or deprived of his scholarship for reasons of discipline within the department or for not performing on the field. It was, in concept, a wise rule designed to protect boys from unfair treatment by coaches. But it presumed, in turn, that the athlete would recognize his responsibilities, too. As the "I quit" era grew, athletes increasingly ignored their part of the scholarship bargain. They knew they could, and often did, come into a coach's office and say, "I'm quitting, but I'm keeping my scholarship and there's nothing you can do about it."

So this year there is a new rule in the

THREE WHO SPOKE OUT

Oregon State Center John Dellen called college athletics a good "job." Loyola of Chicago's George Ireland



NCAA constitution. It appears in Article 3, Section 1, under "Institutional Aid," and what it says, in effect, is that a boy can get himself and his scholarship in difficulty for "serious misconduct"—conduct of sufficient gravity to warrant disciplinary penalties, including manifest disobedience of institutional regulations or "established athletic department policies and rules. . . ."

The new rule, says Ray Graves, "will demand an administration's support of a coach" in questions concerning his prerogative. "The rule," says Graves, "tells us we don't have to put up with troublemakers anymore."

That remains to be seen.

It especially remains to be seen in the area where the friction, frustration and confusion is greatest—in the relationship between the coach and his Negro athletes. A positive effect of the black-athlete furor of the last few years has been that coaches have become more concerned about their own motives ("Am I exercising authority or am I acting out of prejudice?"). Being more introspective, coaches have become more tolerant, more reasonable, more willing to understand. Alerted to the black's special problems, they have sought ways to bridge the gap. For one thing, they

began hiring black assistants—and still are—at a furious pace.

But in their eagerness to accommodate, coaches have discovered the Irrational Act, the Superdemander, the Double Standard. Coaches don't knuckle under as easily as administrators, however, and more and more they have come to question the notion that because they are white they are somehow incapable of meting out justice. "Blacks tell me they can spot a white racist the first time they meet him," says Kansas' Pepper Rodgers. "I think I'm just as smart. I can tell a racist of any color."

"I know I can't really understand what it's like to grow up in a ghetto," says Wisconsin Track Coach Bob Brennan, "but I want to understand more. The better I can communicate, the better for all of us. But then I start to think, maybe I'm taking our white athletes for granted, overlooking their wishes and feelings. I can't neglect them, either."

Athletic Director Jim Barratt of Oregon State, in defending Andros' stand against beards, said, "We in athletics are reluctant to compromise our program, which would result in double standards of rules and regulations, one for the black, one for the white."

But the double standard exists, and

many of those who have been hit with black "cultural" demands—mustaches, beards, Afros—have either run into trouble (as at Purdue, Oregon State and Iowa) or have appeared ludicrous. Bob Timmons, the track coach at Kansas, permitted his blacks to wear "small" mustaches, although there was a no-mustache rule for whites. According to Timmons, one reason he allowed the blacks to grow mustaches was that some of them told him "prominent blacks whom they much admired wore mustaches and, in some cases, mustaches ran in their families." However, so he won't be accused of being prejudiced, next season Timmons plans to let his whites wear longer sideburns. At Bridgeport University, Football Coach Nick Nicolau told whites who wanted to grow mustaches like the blacks that, "if I recruited you with a mustache, you can keep it, but you're not growing one on my time."

Coaches are especially frustrated when they try to reach a common meeting ground only to run into the blacks' increasing insulation. Perry Moore, the athletic director at Colorado State, asked how department policies and procedures might be improved. He has 41 blacks on scholarship. He got one suggestion.

Many black athletes tend to read race

continued

has rapport with blacks but admits it is a "dangerous situation." Washington's Tex Winter says militants deprive blacks of 'their right to compete.'





Florida A&M's John Gaither says he tries to do what a lot of parents haven't done—or won't do

into everything. (Coaches have helped by broadcasting their little homilies. Basketball coach on playing blacks "Two at home, three on the road and four when you're behind." Football coach on the quota system "When you've got more behind you than you do on the field, you're in trouble.") If blacks think they have found prejudice, there is no turning them around. When Basketball Coach Tay Baker of Cincinnati benched a black, Rick Roberson, because of his "attitude," there was talk of reprisals against Baker for a racial slur, although his two best players were also black. At Notre Dame basketball fans exercised a time-honored privilege and booed their basketball team last winter. The five blacks playing at the time demanded an apology. They got it.

Once it appears that the coach will do anything to keep the peace, the sky's the limit. At one time or another, blacks cried for the scalps of the athletic directors at San Francisco State, San Francisco, San Jose State and California, as well as those of the Stanford track coach, the Cal basketball coach, Cal football coach, Cal track coach and San Jose State football coach. Of that group, only four remain on the job today.

Washington Basketball Coach Tex Winter sees that the black athlete is under extreme pressure from the Black Students Union and he is thereby faced with a dilemma. "He can allow the white athletic establishment to impose normal

team discipline on him," says Winter, "in which case he is likely to be ostracized by his peer black group, or he can refuse to accept these disciplines and gratify the desires of the BSU, jeopardizing his athletic career." The BSU, he claims, "pretends to stand for human rights while not hesitating to deprive black athletes of their right to compete. White coaches are going to have to do some reevaluating. The pressure from his own people is just beginning on the black athlete."

If that is the case, many coaches say the more ground you give, the less chance you have of surviving. "We've learned, I think, that the answer is in a stronger stand," says Football Coach Bill Meek of Utah. "Pressure groups would eventually tell us who to schedule, how to coach, who to play at what position, the whole works."

"Sure the Negroes have grievances," says a Big Eight coach, "and we're working on them, but I'm tired of this crap about protesting."

"We've always got to understand them," says another coach. "Well, maybe I can't. I can't know what it's like to be a Negro. Or live in a ghetto. But that doesn't mean I don't try, and I sure think trying works two ways: they've got an obligation to understand me. I'm the one giving them the scholarship."

Although the figures may not show any meaningful proportions for a year or two because recruiting is still going

on, there is evidence that coaches are shying away from black athletes.

Recruitment of Negroes is actually up at some schools—Missouri, Purdue, Washington—but there are signs: Cincinnati will have only two blacks on its basketball team, it had six in 1966. Toledo Basketball Coach Bob Nichols has gone from six in 1967 to one next year. Notre Dame Basketball Coach Johnny Dee, who often started four blacks last season, didn't recruit any this year.

"What's the sense?" says one Eastern coach, reflecting the opinion of many. "Life's too short. I don't need that kind of grief." Two Western Athletic Conference coaches admit there may be a diminishing of Negro recruitment, skimming the cream and leaving the so-so black athlete alone. A white player in Ohio told a coach he would come to his school only if the coach would guarantee there would be no Negroes on the team. He said he wanted "assurances against disruption." "And would you know it," said the coach, "that boy went to a school where he got that assurance." There is an almost cynical hardening of position by a few coaches. "Who needs 'em?" says one, whose school borders the Southwest.

This attitude is not shared by George Ireland, the head basketball coach and athletic director at Loyola of Chicago, but he is hardly surprised by it. Ireland has a history of dealing effectively with black athletes. His 1963 NCAA championship team was composed of four blacks and a white, and all five graduated.

"Make no mistake about it," he says, "the boy today is being coerced. He's under pressure. Make a mistake in your recruiting and you've got problems. I'll tell you what I tell a boy I tell him, 'You're an individual. You're different because you're an athlete, and that means you're specially skilled. Unlike the others, you represent your school in public. I expect you to act like you're on a pedestal, be neat and clean, say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir' and 'thank you.'"

"But I have boys who give me trouble. Nobody's immune. It's a dangerous situation. I understand a lot of schools around this area have all but quit recruiting Negroes. I won't go along with it because that's quitting."

"And that's why the Negro should be told, just like the white, if he's listening to these troublemakers: 'Don't

continued

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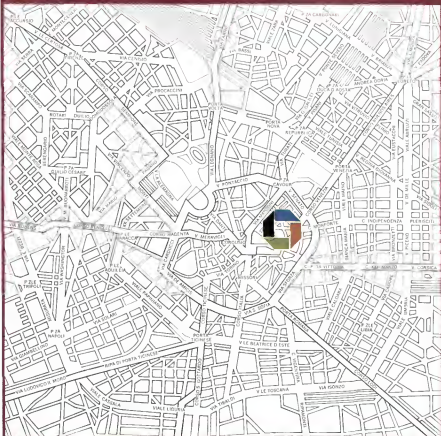
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DESPERATE COACH continued

risk your life, don't listen to a guy raising hair. Ten years from now, when you've got a wife and a couple of kids, where's this guy going to be? Will he be there to pay for the groceries? What's it going to be like in the real world if the only notice you get is for making trouble?"

Talking to black football coaches one night in a Chicago hotel room, a white scout for a professional team got the distinct impression that they (the coaches) were disdainful of white coaches who allow their programs to fester because of misdirected compassion. They suggested that such coaches often didn't realize they were being put on or put down by the demands of black athletes.

The most famous black coach in America is Jake Gaither, head football coach and athletic director at Florida A&M. His teams always win this record, including the Orange Blossom Classic, is 195-35-4 since 1945) and 39 graduates have been on pro rosters for one or more years, 22 in the last six years. Players hang on his words, administrators seek him out, alumni worship at his feet. Other coaches, white and black, flock to hear him speak at clinics.

Here is what he has to say about today's problems:

"The coaching profession is right up there with ministers for the concerns and influence they have on others. Coaches try to do what a lot of mamas and papas haven't done or won't do. You won't see anybody try harder than coaches. Coaches are changing all the time, and a lot of them have changed on the subject of race.

"But you've got to remember this: no matter who you are or where you're coaching. You're dealing with a new breed of young people today. I began to see it three or four years ago. Kids who didn't have anything better to do than rebel against discipline, rebel against the Establishment, rebel against the status quo. Kids with their hands out, kids who want everything on a silver platter.

"I don't know the 'why' of it. Maybe it's because they're the products of parents who didn't know the dignity of hard work, didn't know what it meant to grow up collecting bottles and bones to buy candy. My daddy could talk to me about hard work. I used to collect bottles to buy raisins. I loved raisins.

"Anyway, about three years ago I sud-

denly realized we had a problem. We've always had a tradition at A&M, a spirit that passed on from team to team, from squad member to squad member—an attitude about training, a pride about winning. We lost this one game, and anytime we lose it's an unusual thing. I looked around the locker room and realized it they didn't care. They lacked pride. They'd lost, and they *didn't care*."

"Well, you can't be democratic and run a football team. If you do, you might build character but you won't win. I say you *might* build character, because you may not, either. The way I always felt, winning builds more character, because to win you have to learn what it takes, what it means to sacrifice, to be disciplined. To have a goal."

"So I started weeding 'em out. We got rid of the troublemakers, and I told my coaches, 'start looking 'em over more carefully, be very careful with your screening, do more counseling, be alert for this thing.'"

Gaither was asked about the styles of the day, the mustaches, the beards, the Afros. He laughed, and exhaled a low, amused "hmmmmmmmm."

"I will tell you this," he said finally. "Our boys will be clean-cut in fact, our whole conference has a regulation now against long hair and whiskers. When I recruit 'em, I tell them I want them to be clean-cut college men, to look like college men, to act like college men, that I want to be proud of them. I tell them, 'Boys, you come to me when you're in trouble, when someone in your family is sick, when you need help in your classroom. You come to me. Now I have a favor to ask. I don't want to see long, wild-looking hair and I don't want to see any whiskers.'"

"When you get discipline, you get respect, and you get them both when you're honest, when you're concerned, when you care. You have to be sincere. Kids today want to get into the action, to see how far they can go. When I tell them not to, they know it's not only the football team I'm concerned about, it's their future. They know that long after they've graduated I'll be writing letters for them, helping them get jobs, trying to improve their situations. They *know* I care."

Jake Gaither's attitude probably represents all that coaches feel when they are reflecting warmly upon their good works. Gaither cuts through the racial aspects of the dilemma by holding fast

to the principles coaches cherish most. He wants to stand firm against changing youth—white or black—and thinks he can. But is such a posture possible in the face of so much change? And is there a way to successfully stand firm when so many others in today's society don't? That is a question on which the coaches themselves are much divided.

So far the coaches haven't broken ranks the way, say, college presidents have, but they are beginning to. Coaches are quitting or being fired left and right. And they aren't remaining at one school as long as they once did.

The trend, says Bill Murray, executive director of the American Football Coaches Association, is for candidates to duck away from coaching, away from the insecurity of the job, the relatively meager financial return and the many threats to peace of mind. "A man wakes up," says Murray, "and begins to realize that in his middle life, at 45 or so, he can be a lost citizen with a fam-

continued



Indiana's Johnny Punt admits he had to change



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DESPERATE COACH continued

ally and without a job, and for what?"

Recruiting has something to do with the flagging of coaching morale. Though he had been the most successful basketball coach in Boston College history, Bob Cousy quit last year because he reached a point where "romancing" the new breed was distasteful to him. He resented seeing them joyride around the country at the expense of one school after another.

Coaches find recruiting not only more odious but, because of campus troubles, much more difficult. Darrell Royal of Texas had the mother of one prospect enumerate for an hour and a half the year's disturbances on the Austin campus: the demonstrations, the hippies, the narcotics, the nude plays, the murders.

"I never had a chance," said Royal. Gene Felker of Wisconsin couldn't get "good families" to come across the state to visit. "They were afraid to send their kids to Madison," he said.

With tougher recruiting comes the harder line. Coaches are at last telling prospects exactly what they can expect on the field and on the campus before they sign. That includes social opportunities for black athletes and even a run-down of the teams on the schedule, just in case the athlete may take a notion to sit out a game against a school whose philosophy he doesn't admire.

"Some coaches feel we can't legislate recruiting," says Johnny Pont of Indiana. "Not only can we do it, we must do it. We should have a code to follow, the number of visits should be limited, an honest picture of the campus should be presented to the recruit. What the prospect will receive and what is expected of him should be spelled out. All too often we heed our own infection, our own cynicism with half-truths and intentional misconceptions. We distort the kid's sense of values and then we reap a bitter harvest and wonder why."

Pont, a success at Yale and now a winner again at Indiana, works hard to cope with the new breed, but has his moments of doubt. "They needle and then they question," he says. "They want reasons for everything, even when it's obvious. 'Why do we have to do ten 40s [40-yard dashes], coach?' They want to find out how sharp you are, if you can handle the situation without falling back on that old bag, authority. They even notice your clothes."

"In a way, they're putting you down. It's a game, and maybe when you're over 30 and the target you don't enjoy the routine. They take you right to the edge of rebellion, fighting you all the way. Before spring practice, I said, 'Gentlemen, for 20 days you'll be football players. I want you to be groomed like athletes. Let's not have any hair over the collars. Thank you for your cooperation.' John Isenburger, our halfback last year, asked me, 'Coach, will that make me run any faster?'"

"I said, 'No, John, it won't make you any faster, but it'll make us a better team because it'll be a sign to me that you accept discipline.'"

"Last year they tried to outfox me. I told them they could wear their sideburns to the earlobe. Jade Butcher, my starting flanker, cut his so the sideburns slashed at an angle that brought them far down his face but not below the lobe. Same motive: he was testing me."

Do coaches resist change? Probably. They are conservatives, and reform comes hard to them. But their games are changing all the time, and since it is the coaches themselves who force this with their invention, their ability to create and adapt cannot be questioned. What has happened in the last few years is that their philosophies are in disarray. Their agony lies in their attempt to accommodate change without sacrificing control.

Johnny Pont says he has changed his coaching methods four ways: 1) he accepts more ideas from his assistants, 2) he concentrates more on nonfootball topics ("today we are topical if nothing else"), 3) he tries to tune in to his players' thinking and 4) he tries to treat every player as an individual. John Wooden of UCLA says he is "definitely more permissive." Vince Gibson of Kansas State says he is now alert for the special considerations of black athletes. Tommy Prothro goes further: he calls his black athletes into the office and asks if they have complaints or have experienced discrimination.

Trying hard to cope, coaches go to almost absurd lengths. Pepper Rodgers of Kansas slipped out of a football team meeting and reappeared barefoot, wearing dark glasses, shorts and his wife's wig. He asked to see Coach Rodgers, explaining he wanted to come out for football and then—while Assistant Coach Doug Weaver played the guitar—sang

a ballad, the gist of which was that he wanted to play but that Coach Rodgers insisted he had to get his hair cut to do so. When it dawned on the players who the hippie balladeer was, they roared. He was a gap-closing hit.

Not many coaches would go that far, of course, and deep down most would prefer the ethos of the autocrats, the Bear Bryants, the Adolph Rupp. Coaches tell the story—with more than a little admiration—of the day the basketball player back from vacation popped in on George Ireland at his office. Ireland observed that the boy had not got very close to the razor that morning. He rummaged in his desk, produced one and said, "Here, go shave." "But coach," the beard replied (as the story goes), "this is part of black culture." Said Ireland, "So are Cadillac and messed free throws. Now, go shave."

An Adolph Rupp can say, as he has, that there is no difference in coaching today, that he just tells his boys that they are not to have long hair and sideburns "and that settles that." His is the much-envied hard line, but a young coach like Bob Boyd of USC admits he would never dare follow Rupp's example. Boyd allows Afros, pencil-thin mustaches, long sideburns. "You've got to be pliable," he says.

For the Bob Boyds, there are continuing worries of how a boy acts, the inflections in his voice, the way he responds. Boyd was told by one of his better players that he was a bit fearful of embarking on a running program because he had been drinking too much beer that summer. Boyd bit his tongue, reminded himself that the "boy" was past the legal drinking age, and told him tactfully that summer was over and to please taper off.

Those successful coaches who are in solid with their administrators, who are beloved by alumni and athletes and who have not been hit by The Problem can make forceful statements on the subject. John McKay of USC is one of these, and he is undoubtedly correct when he says the pitfall in any study of the coaches' dilemma is to ignore the fact that coaches are individuals, too.

"Don't categorize," says McKay. "My daddy used to tell me, 'Don't categorize.' All blacks aren't lazy. All WACs aren't whores. All coaches aren't the same. We grow older. We forget."

"All right, what did happen at Berke-

continued

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DESPERATE COACH continued

ley? Some kids joined the BSU? That's not against the law. Some kids became hippies? That's not against the law. If you don't allow for individual differences, you won't be a good leader. I never try to treat everybody equally, I try to treat everybody fairly. Who recruited those 120 players at Maryland? Did the president? Did the alumni? I don't know Bob Ward, but if I had 120 players stand up against me, I'd get out tomorrow.

"You can't stand still. Professors on this campus have long hair. My boss has long sideburns. I always wore a crew cut but I don't anymore. The big reason is that I'm getting a little bald. But times change. My daughter Suzie was getting ready for a big function at school. She had on a very short miniskirt. I said, 'You're not going out in that.' She said, 'But Daddy, it's no shorter than what everybody else wears.' When we got there I saw how right she was, and the shortest skirts in the place were on the mothers."

The reasonable coach joins John McKay in the conviction that a successful accommodation between him and his players is possible—and will benefit the campus as a whole. "We can't be hypocrites," says Johnny Post. "We can't bill ourselves as character builders any longer and not pay attention to that aspect of our athletes." Jim Owens believes if the coaches cannot solve the black-white problem on campus, in what amounts to a controlled environment, then no one can. "I've become a very reasonable man," says Darrell Royal of Texas. "and the transformation wasn't painful at all."

But other coaches feel that accommodation to alien beliefs will only result in more grief and the need for more appeasement. For these, a return to the old ways is the answer. Vic Rowen of San Francisco State is one who is turning back. Rowen is the football coach, he has a doctorate in education, a firm chin, a rugged build and an appreciation for simple solutions from his days with the 101st Airborne. At San Francisco State Rowen has experienced attacks on his program and his person; a commandeering of athletic funds by a radical student government; a hostile faculty, a frightened (pre-Hayakawa) administration, campus riots, injuries, arrests. Last year he couldn't give letter jackets to his players because no money was available.

But Vic Rowen claims he found out something during the long months of travail and he has reached a few conclusions that comfort him. "We're through being exploited," he says. "When kids came to us and told us we didn't understand them because we were white or weren't in their age group or whatever, we were befuddled. We tried to reevaluate. What was wrong? Where did we fail? We went through the whole thing with the psychologists, and do you know what we found? We found the psychologists have the real problems."

"Our approach now is not to be exploited again. We're going to have a return to discipline. An athlete knows discipline. He reacts better under stress than a nonathlete. On this campus we may have saved the whole school from collapse. I think it meant something to our kids to stand up for Dr. Hayakawa and to put that American flag back up when it was torn down."

"What coaches have been doing all these years is not archaic. We're the last chance for the preservation of dignity on campus, and I say that without trying to be heroic or corny. Coaches understand young people, they always have. They understand them better than deans, counselors, psychologists and professors, because we're the only ones charged with making something more of what we have—the kids. The others are too far removed to realize it."

What coaches seem to need most—and this probably applies both to those who go along with McKay and Post and those who agree with Rowen—is to be reaware of what their role should be, not because they have lost sight of it but because others no longer think it is valid. Dr. Arnold Besser, a UCLA psychiatrist, contends in his book *The Madness in Sports* that coach and father are parallel anachronisms in our society, that the father has already lost and the coach is "the remaining stronghold of the archaic family structure." Dr. Besser sees the coach as reduced to a position of equality with his players and therefore no longer able to relate to them in the classic way. Coaches, naturally, resist any such analysis. Destroy the coach-player relationship, a Vic Rowen would say, and you make coaching meaningless.

"Coaches are special," says Frank Lauterbach, athletic director and head football coach at Toledo. "Coaches aren't guys with cigars in their mouths,

lying and pandering and hating, the way they're pictured in some circles. Robert Ruark was closer to it. He said coaches are kids who never grew up. He might not have meant that as a compliment, but it's true—a coach never gets older than 25."

"Coaches are guys who still get a tingle when *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played and butterflies before a kickoff. Coaches never have to be pushed out of bed to go to work in the morning. How do you rate a professor? Tough to do. A coach is rated every Saturday afternoon. Win, lose, tie. He can work as hard as he knows how preparing for a game, and then a kid has a headache or the sun gets in his eyes and it's a loss. Why does he do it? I don't know, except that there is always the excitement—working out game plans, waiting for the films—and the weariness and satisfaction of knowing how hard he and his team have tried to reach a common goal. If the result is defeat, then there's dejection and the coach must take the proper tack, one to ease the pain. But if there is a heaven on earth, it is the locker room after a victory."

"A coach has an enthusiasm for kids, a communion with them. He worries about them, feeds them, sees to their housing, their health. If a kid has a problem, he doesn't go to his professor, or even to his old man, he goes to his coach, because he knows the coach will look after him. When a coach calls an athlete 'son,' he means it."

"When we had the boycott of the black athletes here at Toledo, one of the boycotters ran into trouble. He didn't go to the Black Students Union or to the dean, he came to me. A reflex action. And of course I helped him. Later I asked him, 'What color is a friend?' 'Oh, coach, you don't understand,' he said."

"He was wrong. The thing about coaches is they do understand."

Many coaches truly believe that they understand better than anyone what is best—best for the athlete, best for sport, best for the school. But now, like those who administer so many of our social institutions, they must face the fact that what seems best and what is happening are often two different things. The issue is authority and the response to authority. How they handle it will be something to see, and there are a lot of concerned people who are watching. **END**

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There will be plenty to see, the bird watchers were promised—but after fluttering for 20 days across seven Soviet republics they discovered that their ornithological bag was one Red bird per 150 miles

by DAVIS THOMAS

It is 17 days since Leningrad, and we have penetrated to Samarkand. There are stork nests piled crazily atop the mosques and minarets. The nests are empty, for it is early autumn and the storks have long since departed. But there are no complaints from our group of touring bird watchers. We expected birds, of course. But storks? Not in our wildest dreams. After all, we've already seen a lammergeier.

Lammergeiers are large, majestic, falconlike vultures with a bristly black beard below their beaks and a distinct preference for solitude. They spend their time in remote mountain ranges. For many of our birders, the big moment of the trip thus far has been a glimpse of one wheeling high above us in the Caucasus mountains north of Tbilisi.

There have been other moments of excitement, and high drama, not all of them involving birds. For the moment, however, we are sitting in the Samarkand Opera House watching a performance of what the tour brochure had promised would be an Uzbek folk opera. The overture has hardly begun before Mary Hemingway, our tour celebrity and traveling opera expert, leans over to tell me that this particular folk opera is called *La Traviata*.

Our little band of 26 bird watchers is nearing the end of a headlong three-week tour of the Soviet Union. There have been a few minor disappointments. Such as a general paucity of birds.

But the tour, we keep telling ourselves, has been a great success. Deep in Central Asia near the Chinese border we saw a total eclipse of the sun and one rare species of bird—Pallas' sea eagle. Of course, the eclipse wasn't quite total where we were and the eagle was on display in a cage at the zoo. But both were bonuses in a way, since neither had been mentioned in the tour brochure.

It was the tour brochure, a masterpiece of enticing prose and promises put out by a Canadian travel agency, that had drawn us together. "This is the first tour of the U.S.S.R. on which the bird watcher can be expected to be satisfied," it began. "Due to the presence of two ornithological leaders (one American, one Soviet), there should be no difficulty to identify the birds."

As it turned out, the problem was not "to identify the birds." It was to find them. And it wasn't for lack of expertise that we weren't more successful. Included in our group were a dozen Ardent Birders, all of them very keen for sport and the opportunity to expand their life lists. An equal number, like myself, while capable of distinguishing

a barn owl from a pelican, signed up primarily because of the fast-moving, far-ranging itinerary. We were known as the Casual Birders.

In our 20 days inside the Soviet Union we covered 7,000 miles by plane, train, bus and hydrofoil. En route, we traversed seven of the 15 constituent Soviet republics while visiting 15 cities, three major mountain ranges, two deserts, a number of rivers and the great southern steppe. We ranged from Lake Onega, north of Leningrad, south to the mouth of the Don and eventually Georgia. We followed the march routes of Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan in Central Asia, jumping about from city to town like players in a mad game of Chinese checkers. At Alma-Ata near the Chinese border we finally picked up our marbles and headed home.

Whether or not the trip served to promote the cause of science or even to advance the art of bird watching is open to dispute. Once back in the U.S., the Peerless Leader checked his field notes, rummaged over his museum specimens and then triumphantly informed us by mail that 108 different species had been sighted by himself and others during the trip.

Including the 9,600-mile round trip from New York to Leningrad, this works out to something like one bird for every 150 miles traveled. There were those who found these results a trifle disappointing.

For many of us, however, if there weren't many birds to watch there were always the borders themselves. The Casual Birders were given nicknames which became a part of them, much in the way that barnacles become attached to a ship's bottom. First and perhaps foremost was Buffalo Bill, a physician from Buffalo, N.Y., who seemed to embody some of the mordancy and flamboyance of his namesake. The Whirling Dervish was a retired Midwestern sales executive who was fond of dancing, shaking hands and pounding strangers on the back. Then there was Little Doc, a smallish Vienna-born lady eye surgeon; Idaho Doc, an outdoorsy general practitioner from guess where; and the Red Baron, a California zoology instructor of German extraction. The Red Baron took methodical field notes on his clipboard. But he seemed primarily interested in tracking down the present whereabouts of the Volga Germans after their dispersion early in World War II.

We also had the General, a retired stockbroker whose courtly bearing earned him our promotion from his war-time rank of reserve colonel. All this, plus a supporting

continued

SCANNING THE SKIES FOR RARE AVIFAUNA, BIRD WATCHERS
STALK AROUND A MAJESTIC 19TH CENTURY RUSSIAN CHURCH

WINGING IT THROUGH RUSSIA





BUSING ACROSS THE KARA-KUM, WE SAW SOME BOYS ON DONKEYS—BUT NO BIRDS



WINGING IT *continued*

cast of Charming Widows and Maiden Ladies. Finally there was the Peerless Leader, a big-hore museum ornithologist who had been recruited to lead the tour and flush up the birds. He was assisted by the Peerless Leader's Wife.

Leningrad billeted us in an enormous new hotel called the Sovetskaya located some distance from the center of town. First morning: we are awakened at 6 o'clock. At breakfast, excitement is running at a high level. Our first day of birding lies ahead. We are already on the second day of the tour and, save for some lapwings, a crow and a large flock of starlings sighted at the Amsterdam airport, we haven't seen any birds.

The morning's itinerary doesn't look too promising at first sight: a tour of the city. Determined bird watchers can overcome any obstacle, however. At Palace Square, hard by the Winter Palace, our group bustles with binoculars.

The local guide is explaining about Alexander's Column, a gigantic 600-ton granite shaft topped by a statue of an angel commemorating the victory over Napoleon. Suddenly, cries of "crow, crow" break out. A flight of hooded crows has been spotted circling over the old General Staff Headquarters.

An Ardent Birder next directs our attention to a flock of sparrows. The guide abandons her lecture. We leave for a visit to the cruiser *Aurora*.

The *Aurora*, an old-fashioned cruiser which fired the Soviet version of the shot heard 'round the world—signaling the attack on the Winter Palace in 1917—now lies at anchor in the River Neva. We do not have time to go aboard because an argument boils up over identification of a number of gulls which are circling in the vicinity. A minority or Menshevik faction holds the birds to be great black-backed gulls. The Bolshevik faction steadfastly insists they are lesser black-backed. The argument is finally settled by the Peerless Leader—in favor of the Bolsheviks.

North of Leningrad, about 250 miles in the direction of Murmansk, is a large lake dotted with hundreds of islands. According to the tour brochure, Lake Onega is a birder's paradise.

We are zipping along on a large motor-class hydrofoil, making a breakfast of beer and hard-boiled eggs. The local guide is telling us that Kuzhi, the particular island for which we are bound, is called "the wooden Florence of the north." It holds an ensemble of ancient

wooden churches and farm chalets. Kuzhi is world famous, the guide tells us. She doesn't say anything about birds.

We spend the day on Kuzhi. The island itself is a delight. Low, with marshy verges, it is still green and lush, although autumn is already well-advanced. Somber skies and a keen north wind stimulate deep thoughts and hearty appetites.

Determined parties of Ardent Birders range up and down the island. By evening their bag includes several wagtails, assorted gulls, a smattering of crows and jackdaws. A Lapland hunting and a lone grey-headed woodpecker are sighted in the weed-filled cemetery. Grave doubts are cast on an uncorroborated sighting of a high-flying cormorant. Whatever it is, it is heading south.

We soon follow suit, returning to Leningrad overnight. Nine and a half hours on the Murmansk "express" is not something I recommend. It is plenty cold, and there was no heat in the compartment. Each bunk is provided with a single threadbare blanket. At morning muster, several birders report head colds.

Moscow meant the Kremlin, GUM department store, the subways and big, big *Bevovska* souvenir stores. For the birders, it meant disaster. According to



AND AT KIZHI THE FLOWERS AND OLD BUILDINGS WERE BEET

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

the schedule: a certain Dr. Flint who had been billed as the Soviet Union's leading field ornithologist was to join our group in Moscow for the rest of the trip. At a reception for Soviet naturalists the Ardent Birders get the bad news. Dr. Flint, a sad-eyed young man with a beard, will be unavoidably detained in Moscow, it seems.

"I'm sorry, but my wings are clipped," he tells Gahna, nibbling at a plate of *zakuski* from the buffet. He doesn't look particularly sorry.

"His wings are clipped," translates Gahna, our tour guide.

The word spreads. Dr. Flint's wings are clipped. Little cries of outrage circle the room.

Rostov-on-Don, badly smashed during the war, has been completely rebuilt. But they didn't seem to get things quite right again. The new seven-story Hotel Rostov proudly boasts of a piano in each three-room suite. But the room doorknob comes off in your hand, and the toilet roars all night like a Don River rapid. Never mind, we're in Rostov to observe the avifauna of the great southern steppe.

At 5 a.m. a nearly full complement of bird watchers gathers for roll call in

the hotel lobby. After an hour's ride we tumble out of the bus onto the great southern steppe, rich in soil, history and, we hope, birds. It is too dark to see anything and too cold to wait around outside. We tumble back into the bus. We doze and munch our breakfast: crusts of bread, cheese and apples.

Someone spots a bird. Amid exclamations of joy, there is a general exodus from the bus. We wind up in a chilly line strung out along the highway marveling at some swallows perched on the telephone lines.

Later on we're working the edges of a large pond. An Ardent Birder spots four delicate white birds floating on the water to the left of a gaggle of domestic geese. "Oh, look," she calls, after consulting her Russian field guide. "Little white herons—four of them."

"No," sniffs the Peerless Leader, focusing his binoculars. "they're cattle egrets."

"But in the book . . ." begins the Ardent Birder.

"Cattle egrets." The Peerless Leader whisks to confirm the sighting of a roller that is generating great excitement up near the road. Meanwhile, the four white birds take off, wheel and re-settle on the waters a few yards

to the right of their previous position.

"Now look over there," calls Peerless Leader, shifting his attention back to the pond. "There are some little white herons—the species you were asking about before. Just to the right of those geese."

Rostov was the place where the schedule began to come unsoldered. Instead of a day-long motor launch tour down the Don to the Sea of Azov, we are herded into the regular passenger hydrofoil which makes a dash down and back in a little under two hours. The vibration makes it almost impossible to use binoculars. But it doesn't really matter. There are no birds.

En route to Tbilisi, spirits are running high. We get a late start, but things look promising. Towering mountain ranges lie ahead. "Should be good for birding," offers the General, who has dressed in field clothes—khakis and Wellington boots—in honor of the excursion. "Changing environment," he adds knowledgeably.

We have before us a day's bus trip through the Caucasus mountains on the Georgian Military Road. The tour brochure describes it. "The most scenic

continued



TOASTING THE BIRDS, WE PICNICKED ON THE PAMIR SLOPES

LOOK! ISN'T THAT A GRIFFON VULTURE UP THERE?



WINDING IT *continued*

mountain road in the U.S.S.R. . . . splendid views of snowcapped mountains, glaciers and Alpine meadows."

The birders are particularly excited about the next sentence: "Occasional stops will be made for bird watching in significant places."

Our bus drivers aren't having any of that. We have two drivers who spell each other every now and then, a tribute to the terrain and primitive condition of the twisting macadam road. We drive hell-for-leather for Tbilisi with hardly a pause.

"They say it's getting dark and we must hurry," Galina explains. "Too dangerous to drive the high passes at night."

We round a curve and cross a bridge. We enter into a somber gorge. Someone spots a bird. Then another.

"Hawk, hawk," chorus the birders. We are driving through a hawk migration. Large hawks are perched on trees and on phone wires along the highway.

"Stop, stop," plead the birders.

But we don't stop. The bus is bouncing about so crazily that not even the Peerless Leader can make a positive identification.

We barrel past "historic feudal strongholds" and "ancient churches perched on high promontories." Snowcapped mountains, Alpine meadows and, for all we know, glaciers, reel past the windows as our bus sways up the switch-back highway.

Somewhere out there is the mountain peak to which Prometheus was chained as a tidbit for the local eagles. We see neither the mountain peak nor the eagles. At Krestovy Pass with its "grandstand view of distant mountain ranges" we cross the divide in a fog bank and begin our descent to Tbilisi.

Tbilisi looks interesting. Our guide tells us it is known as the "stone Florence of the Caucasus." But we don't stay long enough to test the metaphor. Instead, we drive north to medieval Mtskheta. It turns out to be worth the trip. We spot the solitary lammergeier. The birders are ecstatic.

In the Karakum desert outside Ashkhabad our guide is Professor Tashliev of the Turkmenian Academy of Sciences. He launches into his lecture on the vast desert which not only has imprisoned

our bus but covers most of the territory of the Turkmen republic.

The desert is far from lifeless, the professor says. He cites statistics: 368 different species of birds ("oh, good"); 90 species of mammals ("wonderful"); 70 species of snakes ("ugh!"); and 50 species of fish ("How's that?"). Someone starts to ask more about the fish, but the professor is already striking out into the trackless waste.

Professor Tashliev draws up atop a large dune and clears his throat. "You may have noticed the absence of birds," he begins. "The weather has been unusually cold the last few days, and I doubt that we will find many birds today. Next time you must come to us in October. But here's an interesting tree. It's called *salsol* and . . ."

Outside Dushanbe, in the foothills of the Pamir mountains, near the Afghanistan border, a man from the Tadzhikistan Academy of Sciences is telling us about the local birdlife. "You must come to us next time in spring," he says. "In spring there are lots of flowers and birds along the river."

Undaunted by this introduction, the Ardent Birders scramble down to the river. By the time we are sitting down to a lavish lunch set out on Oriental carpets under the trees, they are babbling happily about their sightings, which included a rare white-capped water redstart. High above us, soaring on the mountain updrafts, a pair of vultures—one black, the other a griffon—wait their turn at our luncheon remnants.

After lunch one day Buffalo Bill is holding sick call, dispensing pills from his dwindling supply. Most of his patients are suffering from Bukhara tummy, or what we had begun to call Trotsky's Revenge.

"Here," smiles Buffalo Bill, dropping a number of pills into the hand of one of the Maiden Ladies. "Take these, my dear. You've got the Trotskies."

In Alma-Ata there is a family of bats in one of the hotel rooms. But once they have been evicted, things go reasonably well. We see the eclipse of the sun and ogle the Pallas' sea eagle. We see a magnificently mounted Kazakh folk

opera and the Red Baron locates a large colony of Volga Giermans. Only the Peerless Leader is unhappy.

All during the trip he has been promising us "a real field trip" so wind up the tour. Army trucks with four-wheel drive are to take us high into the Tien Shan mountains. "You'll see Alpine meadows, snow-capped peaks. The works. The roads are a little bit hairy. But it's worth it, because of the birding—hawks, eagles, maybe a lammergeier."

When Sergei, our local guide, arrives, it develops that, unfortunately, there are no army trucks. We'll have to content ourselves with a trip into the foothills by bus.

Peerless Leader is very much upset. "I'll never bring a group of bird watchers to the Soviet Union again," he threatens.

Sergei shrugs his shoulders.

"If you want our tourist dollars, you have to make concessions."

Sergei carefully examines his fingernails. "Concessions are made in Moscow. Today is Sunday. The office in Moscow is closed. There will be no concessions." He smiles.

A feeling of relief sweeps through the group. It has been a long trip. Most of us are tired. Army trucks? Four-wheel drive? Hairy mountain roads? We'll make that scene next time. After all, we've already seen our lammergeier.

Not quite. Two weeks later, back in New York, I'm sorting through the morning mail. There is a bulletin from the Peerless Leader. He's been checking reference works. He's been examining museum specimens. Now he can give us the definitive word.

In the interests of accuracy, a few corrections must be made. The very big bird of prey which we saw at Mtskheta in the Caucasus mountains north of Tbilisi and which was identified as a lammergeier was—he tells us now—nothing of the sort. It was an imperial eagle.

For me, this is the final blow. On the evening of the lammergeier sighting, a group of us had opened a bottle in honor of the bird. We had christened the bird "Lermontov the lammergeier," after the famous writer who immortalized the local mountain setting in an epic poem. Who would believe an eagle named Lermontov?

END

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WHY MOM SUPPORTS THE GAME

High school football, says a mother who knows, adversely affects dinner hours, study habits and older males, but the medical care is superb and you learn about neck sizes **by KATHERINE CARLSON**

I'll be the first to say that playing high school football certainly does keep the boys off the streets. That it also keeps a boy up studying half the night, out of all Friday afternoon classes at school, on the ragged edge of *hara-kiri* when he drops a pass in the end zone and late for dinner every single evening. I am able to view as an operational necessity. It is what high school football does to me—and to my husband—that leaves me wondering what is so awful about a nice, wide concrete street?

I keep having these fantasies, for instance. My fantasies are not normal, ev-

eryday daydreams about cruises along the Dalmatian coast on Ari's yacht while Jackie is away having her carats counted or receiving special-delivery invitations to Truman Capote's next party. When I daydream, I picture myself having a membership card that causes buzzers to be pressed, opening doors without handles and admitting me to sound-proof isolation hooties in every football stadium on our high school team's schedule. The booth is completely screened from public view, and only mothers of football players are allowed to enter. There, when I look out during

a game and see my pharmacist and my mailman stand up and wave their arms when my son has failed to catch a ball, I can at least try to imagine they are shouting "Great try!" instead of shaking fists and screaming "Butterfingered idiot!" at him. On the other hand, when he occasionally catches a ball, I can fondly surmise that those strangers carrying banners for the opposing team have risen to their feet with cheers of "Good show!" instead of roars of "Kill him!"

My isolation booth would also serve to remove me from the members of my own family. It is bad enough to watch



gerous, I sat between the two of them during Tim's first game. Through touchdowns, fumbles and spectacular runs, they maintained dramatic duplicate accounts of the activities on the bench, where Tim was sitting. Finally, Tim got into the game for a moment and, dear heaven, managed to block an opposing player. At the same instant both men crashed into me with fierce body blocks. Groping back to my seat, I invaded my husband's tunnel view. "Sit still," he commanded. "I think the coach just looked at Tim."

By the time the fourth quarter was over, Tim had been in the game for four complete seconds in three different quarters and was feeling great about it. I could tell because of the way he stood and the way he looked while talking to the other players, but the two logical, objective men I sat between were in a state of raging fury. They decided the quarterback was a publicity-seeking show-off who always ran with the ball on all the option plays, and the boy who started at split end—for whom Tim was the third substitute—was a slow-footed, dull-witted, ham-handed pet of the coach, who was himself so taken-blind he would keep Don Maynard on the bench, if he had him, out of simpleminded ignorance of what it takes to make a winning football team. The two men rushed down to the field to tell Tim these facts, but Tim had disappeared along with the rest of the team to shower and celebrate a 21-0 victory. There are some things about a man his wife should never know.

Now, no matter what you normally hear, I and most football mothers I meet are not particularly worried about our sons getting hurt playing football. Why pick on football? Tim has been bound and determined to get hurt every hour of every day since he was 10 months old. He can break his leg while walking the poodle and has been known to sprain an ankle getting out of bed in the morning. Sending him and a friend out into the backyard to play catch has been, in my experience, a nearly fatal directive. One time the ball went over the fence and down into the ravine. The boys went after the ball. The boys failed to find the ball. What they did find, because both of them stepped on it, was a nest of yellow jackets. Unless you've tried putting two boys covered with 50 yellow jackets aspee—crawling in their

hair, in their ears, under their jeans and down into their sneakers—into a car and driving this writhing, screaming cargo through midday traffic to the nearest hospital, you may not believe how obsessed a woman can get with details, such as who is going to come running when I need help. For years, before I started dreaming of isolation booths, I used to play around with thoughts of inheriting \$10 million so I could have my own personal emergency unit consisting of one orthopedic man, one general practitioner, one ambulance and two strong attendants, all located on my back porch and all waiting—night and day—for the moment I needed them.

That's why the very first thing I noticed about football fields encouraged me so. It was, in a manner of speaking, my dream come true. There is a long, gleaming, pale-blue ambulance parked immediately at hand, with two uniformed attendants in constant readiness. There is a nice friendly doctor on the sidelines with not one other thing to do but attend to the boys. Oxygen tanks and first-aid kits are right there where anyone can find them. Nobody has used up all the adhesive tape to hang posters on anybody's good plaid wall or borrowed the antiseptic and not put it back. The boys' fathers are there. Furthermore, if a player so much as braces a finger-mat the crowd gives him three cheers, and he is manly and brave and does not yell his head off. When the same boy falls down the back steps with the garbage, he loses his cool completely and howls all the way to the hospital emergency room where you always have to take him by yourself because his father is gone and your doctor is out of town and your son won't even let you look at his leg so you hardly know whether it is still hitched on to the rest of him or not.

Another remarkable thing I've observed about football is that boys who had to be forced into wearing their sweaters out into freezing weather, who refused to wear helmets while surfing, who always jumped into sailboats without their life jackets and never remembered to carry scissors with the points down, will, upon becoming members of a football team, sit still and allow their ankles and knees to be taped up, and cover themselves with layers of protective padding and all sorts of little corsets and helmets and hairs before even so much as

your very own son being yelled at for dropping passes and fumbling footballs without having to discover that your male relatives are sometimes the most irrational critics of all. You can drive up to the stadium with the gentle, humorous, logical engineer you've been married to for 22 years, and by the time he is seated in the stands and looking at his son down on the field in full football gear with a big number 80 on his jersey he turns into a deaf stranger with tunnel vision who sees nothing but his son and is possessed of the notion that not a soul in the stands but himself can see the boy. It then becomes essential that he report every move the lad makes to you and to everyone within earshot. If your brother-in-law is along—and he is—the same thing happens to him, and the two men start loudly and urgently giving exactly the same reports to each other.

This is unnerving, and can be dan-

continued

setting foot on the playing field. Some boys will do all this in the full knowledge that they are preparing themselves to go sit on the bench for the entire game. Why would any thinking mother object to that?

On the other hand, what I think all sensible mothers should object to is the sieve-like quality of football insurance. Every time anyone opens up an insurance umbrella, I leap right under it with the conviction that if we take out insurance against a worrisome happening, it will never occur. After all, if it's not going to cost us anything, why should it happen? Therefore, the minute I found the notice about football-injury insurance in a pocket of a pair of pants at the bottom of the pile on Tim's closet floor, I sat right down and wrote out a check for the premium and sent it in to the company.

All I can say, after three years of this, is that the football-insurance umbrellas I shelter under must be made of Swiss cheese. But perhaps my problem has merely been Tim's refusal to cooperate. It seems to me that a 17-year-old boy with any wit at all could figure out some way to limit his damage to qualifying injuries. When he has learned they do not pay for infections caused by having hands stepped on by cleats, why doesn't he keep his hands away from cleats? Once he is fully aware that therapy is, in no case, covered, why would he persist in acquiring problems that only therapy can mend? The whole business has upset my faith in umbrellas.

Another thing that surprises me about this sport is the number of times boys practice for every time they play a game. Football teams play football games once a week, whereas they practice all the other days. Practice starts right after school and does not ever end until an hour after the roast is done, no matter how you plan.

The coaches spend Monday afternoons building character in the boys by running slow-motion films, over and over, of every mistake made the previous Friday night, accompanied by what, I gather, are appropriately scathing remarks. Since high school football is more or less a game of enthusiastic errors, it is the dark of night before the gladiators crawl home burdened with the clear and unmistakable message that Green Bay Packers they are not.

On Tuesday afternoons the coaches

continue to work on character, allowing the lads to redeem themselves by participating in three hours of contact practice, followed by 30 minutes of wind sprints and other nameless-to-mothers things.

On Wednesdays the coaches start to build confidence and allow themselves to make a civil remark somewhere during the session. This makes the players feel so good they stay late to run through pass patterns.

On Thursdays they are told they are, potentially, the greatest team the school has ever had and that the head coach is depending on them to crown his entire career Friday night. Practice itself ends early, but everyone has to wait around while all washable, dirty gear is parceled out to be brought home for the players' mothers to wash.

Now, I know this is the good old American way and all that. The trouble is that it is connected to a good old American institution—school. Nothing in the world wilts faster than athletes after practice is over. Getting home at 6:30 or 7 o'clock means they straggle into the house and stumble into bed immediately. English essays are written and college application forms are filled out in the middle of the night when they get up to eat enormous amounts of food and put the Jefferson Airplane, turned up full blast, on the stereo. I never could decide whether it was worse on Wednesday nights, when Tim always had at least a chemistry test and a history paper due the next morning, or Thursday nights, when two teachers invariably scheduled tests for Friday and there was something else that had to be squeezed in—such as the time his report on *War and Peace* was due and he had to read the book.

I do not know who makes out the game schedule for the team. I do know his first move is to call for the College Board examination schedule. This is to be certain the biggest game of the season is played in a town 100 miles away from home the night before the examinations are given. It is possible for parents to leave the stadium and drive straight home, getting there by one o'clock in the morning. But by the time equipment is loaded onto the Greyhound bus, the team showered, postgame dinner eaten and the score either celebrated or mourned, Tim arrives home at 3 a.m. and his right eye is puffed shut.

I advise all other football mothers not

to make the mistake of getting up to make sure your son turns off the front-porch light when he comes in. In this situation, he is likely to be wide awake and still full of adrenaline and will want you to sit down and tell him things no mother could possibly know, such as exactly how many steps he had on his defender in the buttonhook pattern in the first quarter, and what did you think of that blocking technique he tried in the second half? If he thinks you know a buttonhook pattern when you see one, this is no time to disillusion him. Let that light burn. You need your sleep, too. Somebody has to hear the alarm and drag that lad out of bed to get him off to the testing center before 8 o'clock in the morning.

Do not waste time worrying that he will not score well on these tests. The fact that he staggers into the test center looking and acting like a zombie means he is relaxed and is likely to come out with very good scores, and you will soon discover that you've been worrying about all the wrong things, anyway. I really believed I was doing all the worrying required of me as a proper mother when I fussed about Tim's posture, study habits, eyesight, teeth, manners, weight, moral and intellectual development, and the way he grew out of his jeans and tennis shoes 10 minutes after I bought them. But in all the years he was growing up, I honestly confess I never gave his neck size a single worry. Which goes to show how we can go through life totally unaware of the really vital statistics, because what colleges want to know about these boys is their board scores and their neck sizes.

As it happens, my side of the family has fairly short, thick necks. Tim is generally constructed along the lines of a herring fishing pole, but he has this thick family neck, and, since his board scores were acceptable, college recruiters appeared.

Apparently, recruiters are not allowed to talk to players while the season is in progress. Instead, they write inspirational letters to the boys asking them if they've really thought about their future life and telling them they are about to make some pretty serious decisions—such as what football team they want to be identified with. However, recruiters do talk to mothers. Mostly, they pay no attention when they are told that Tim is thick in the neck but thin ev-

eryplace else. They say things like, "Don't you worry, Ma'am. Give us those scores and that neck and we'll do the rest." It can be a thought-provoking experience. One time I told a recruiter that Tim's guidance counselor at school had suggested he apply for admission to Harvard. The man was dumfounded. He said, "But he's a split end! Why would he want to go to a school that doesn't throw the hair?"

If I were a college football recruiter I would realize immediately that a player's mother listens to recruiters and asks leading questions only to pick up ammunition to use for her own purposes. "Did you know, Tim, that Siwash U makes every football player eat squash twice a week? The coach thinks it develops agility." "Guess what, Tim? At State, none of the players are allowed to talk to a girl from August through November."

Actually, a recruiter should come right out and agree that no mother ever raises her son to be a football player. Failing this, he *could*, in the name of sweet reason, remind her that it is apparent this boy is going to involve himself in some kind of gross motor activity, and it does seem to help a presidential candidate to have played something vigorous in college. If the recruiter could go on to offer an academic reputation to match that of Harvard or Yale, and an athletic program where her son need show up only when he tired of studying long hours in the library and feels like a good workout—whereupon the coaches would welcome him with a hearty handshake and promptly send him into a game to catch 40-yard touchdown passes to the cheers of the crowd and the notice of the Rhodes Scholar selection committee—then he just might find a friend in mom. Otherwise, she's against him, and he shouldn't talk to her at all.

Finally, I hope nobody assumes I'm complaining. I'd certainly hate to think anyone might get the impression I didn't appreciate all the benefits a boy gains from his participation in high school football, because I do, I really do. Nearly every day during the season I count my blessings by reminding myself that boys who play football are kept too busy to go sky diving, sports car racing, spelunking, downhill racing, ski jumping or, for that matter, to Truman Capote's parties.

END

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◆ Where there's a beach there's a ball, and where there's a ball there's **Wilt Chamberlain**, even if it's a volleyball. Wilt turned up recently on the sands of Will Rogers State Beach, in Santa Monica, where he "bumped" a few with Laker teammate **Kermit Erickson** and Gene Selznick, one of the finest U.S. volleyball players of all time. "Wilt's learning," said Erickson, loyally. "Wilt will never be great," confided another player. "He's got wooden hands."

Brasil is justifiably proud of **Pelé**, the world's most famous soccer player, so Brazilian journalists did not take kindly to **Gloria Diaz**, a native of the Philippines and the current Miss Universe. "What do you think of Pelé?" a reporter asked her in São Paulo. "Pelé? Who's Pelé?" said Miss Universe. "She

was not," a reporter acidly noted, "the prettiest girl present." In Rio de Janeiro, the well-rounded Miss Universe was still giving square answers. Summed up Rio's press: she is "totally insignificant."

◆ **Martin Stone**, 41, chief executive of Monogram Industries, Inc., an eclectic \$145-million empire in Los Angeles, never quite relinquished his boyhood dream of being a big-league baseball player, even after a torn knee cartilage in high school put such a career out of reach. He still played for fun and exercise, and in 1958 was invited by a friend, Warren Hellman, a director of the Atlanta Braves, to work out in West Palm Beach, where he pitched batting practice. With the help of **Walter Ahton**, Stone traded himself to the Dodgers this year, showed up for spring training in Vero Beach, and he's been the Dodgers' sometime unpaid batting-practice pitcher ever since. "I get the most fun pitching to players who don't ask me what I'm going to throw," says Stone. **Jim Lefebvre**, **Manay Moto**, **Bill Sudakis** never ask. They take whatever comes their way—fastballs, up, in or out. My curveball is lousy. "On business trips Stone sometimes runs into the Dodgers in New York or Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, in which case business is scheduled around the game. The Dodgers carry his uniform and an extra pair of spikes, just in case he shows up.

Making movies is a costly business, with every delayed moment adding up to thousands of dollars, or so the public has been led to believe. Nevertheless, **Dick Bartlett**, who will help produce a film called *Café*, has courageously signed **Richie Allen** to play a conning role. Bartlett doesn't think he'll have any trouble with a) Allen showing



up on time or b) Allen showing up. "People don't understand Rich," he explained. "This is a man who needs love."

"I am a keen golfer," said **Chung Hee Park**, president of South Korea, which translates to about a 19-handicap. "The ambition of my life is to play golf at Pebble Beach." Park was to meet with **President Nixon** in San Francisco, and what more joyful prospect than to fulfill that lifelong ambition? He wrote ahead, reserving a tee time at Pebble Beach. Ten thousand weary miles later, **Chung Hee Park** checked into the Del Monte Lodge. There was just time for a nap. So Park slept, and slept right through his tee time. He never did get to play at Pebble Beach. Said one of his aides: "He dreamed a fine score."

The tall (6' 7") male model you may be seeing in TV commercials is **Rick Barry**, who

has registered with the **Kay Newlin Model Agency** of San Francisco. Barry digs modeling; he believes it will take him a step closer to his ultimate ambition, the movies. Says Miss Newlin, "We are not training Rick as a model. He has sufficient ability already added to his good looks, his fine carriage and, of course, his basketball name." Of course.

"This horse had a razorlike back. I always felt it was going to slice me in half, and I slid around in the saddle, ready to fall off at any moment." **Sir Alec Guinness** was reminiscing about the horse he rode in *Lawrence of Arabia*. What brought on the recollection is his latest part as King Charles I in *Cromwell*. "I almost did not take this role when I found I had to ride a horse," said Sir Alec, "but the role was too challenging to turn down, horse or no horse." It is not that Sir Alec defies horses, what he dislikes is having to act on a horse. Since he can't ride, he finds it difficult to act and control the horse at the same time. But he conceded that his mount in *Cromwell* was "soft and very comfortable. I even learned to canter."

Everyone knows that the burdens of the presidency are awesome, but few are aware of just how carefully a President must budget his time. **Syd H. Conn** is aware. Conn, a citizen of West Hartford, Conn., raises money for a camp for disadvantaged children. Each summer Conn organizes a charity softball game, and he thought it would be a good idea to present baseballs autographed by **President Nixon** to some of the kids on this occasion. So Conn sent eight balls to the White House. Two weeks later the balls came back. The President had autographed two. Six were blank.



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Green Bay produces another kind of champion

On its waters New York's Graham Hall sailed to daylight in the Mallory Cup races—a competition for the North American title in which the boats are equal so that the men themselves may stand out boldly and truly

One of the truest and best tests of a sailor or is the Mallory Cup competition for the North American championship, for in it the skippers are deprived of their own pet hulls and sails and are forced to launch forth in identical yachts. Nor is there time to supertune any given boat; they are rotated among the eight finalists in a round-robin series. These factors tend to produce fast racing and brilliant seamanship, as indeed they did last week on the waters of Green Bay in the football latitudes.

As the fleet of 5.5-meter sloops hoisted sail for the last race, a mere half point separated 26-year-old Graham Hall of New York from the leader, Peter Warren, a young tiger of 18 years from Marblehead, Mass. As the starting cannon fired, there was Hall right on the mark, the bow of his boat hitting the invisible line in perfect unison with the cannon's smoke. That maneuver typified the cool confidence Hall had displayed most of the week. He would race boldly for the lead and let Warren feel the tension of trying to catch up.

Ahead on smooth water lightly ruffled by a 10-mile breeze lay a six-legged course covering about six miles: a beat to windward, a reach, another reach, a beat, a run and a final beat. Hall sailed out ahead of the fleet, and on leg after leg Warren clung to second place. But on the last windward leg Hall simply sailed away from him. The pressure evidently was reaching Warren, on that beat he fell back to fourth as Hall calmly proceeded home.

In so doing he joined a distinguished company of salts, former Mallory champions having gone to such as Cornelius Shields Sr., the gray fox of sailing, who won in 1952 when the cup was first put up; Sailmaker Ted Hood, Star champion Bill Buchan Jr.; Bob Mosbacher, brother of the America's Cup master, Bus; and Harry Melges, the

only man to win three times running.

The cup itself is a silver soup tureen originally presented by Sultan Selim III to Lord Nelson in thanks for the British victory over the French in the Battle of the Nile. Today its donors are members of the family of Clifford D. Mallory, first president of the North American Yacht Racing Union, which oversees sailing in the U.S. That it was raced for on Green Bay is a tribute to

the sailing ardor of the M & M Yacht Club, representing the neighboring bay-shore towns of Menominee, Mich. and Marinette, Wis., where nearly everyone is related to everyone else and whose 5.5s are the community's pride. First built to equip an advanced sailing school, they were bought en masse by M & M, which has preserved their identicalness with tender care.

Hall's victory was something of an

continued

SPINNAKER FLYING, HALL STEERS HIS 5.5 TO VICTORY IN DECISIVE FINAL RACE



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SAILING *continued*

upset, the pre-race favorite having been Gardner Cox, 49, of Villanova, Pa., the national champion in 5.5s. Said one of Hall's crew, "He's the best sailor here except, of course, for Gisham. We're going to win."

In the meantime Hall was telling his crew that this, the most important event in his career, was just another regatta. Hall is sailing coach of the New York Maritime Academy (better known as Fort Schuyler) and not at all the kind of "yachty" helmsman one might imagine a Mallory Cup skipper to be. He is a graduate of the other merchant marine school, King's Point, and has a second mate's ticket in steamships.

As Cox proved beatable in the early races, Hall found his most dangerous opposition coming from Warren and another 18-year-old, John Kohus of Houston, who eventually finished third. The wind generally was light, and that was fine with Hall, accustomed as he is to the doldrums for which western Long Island Sound is infamous. As Hall candidly put it, "We know how to sail in these conditions." Hall and his crew of John Lourd and Jack McAllister also regularly sail the Shields class sloops belonging to Fort Schuyler—keelboats not unlike the 30-foot 5.5s at M & M. Furthermore, the waters of Green Bay were not entirely foreign to Hall. As a youngster he had cruised them briefly with his father and brother in a home-built Snipe, camping at night on small islands which dot that rather shallow arm of Lake Michigan.

Superior helmsmanship is not all that Hall displayed on Green Bay. In common with previous champions Hall had that winning consistency born of unshakable concentration. Small mental lapses tend to be heavily penalized in such swift company.

Hall's sails were set flawlessly, his job invariably looking just that fraction better than the others, and he tacked with exquisite precision and timing. Hall also made a discovery that somehow eluded the others. It was that the boat went faster if the headstay was pulled slightly tauter than at first seemed possible. "You'd get it where you'd think it couldn't go any more," said Hall, "but then we found you had to take it just a little farther to get it right."

Hall started the series with a victory, and was comfortably in front after first-place finishes in two of the three races scheduled the following day. The third race, however, gave him some very bad moments. Winds had been light and the day excruciatingly long. "I wish I had a relief helmsman," said Hall. "I'm about to blow my mind." As the winds picked up what he blew was the race, struggling in sixth.

But there were no further lapses, and as Hall came up from the traditional dunking given the winner after his clinching victory over Warren, he was feeling so frisky that he threw his pregnant wife, Anne, into the water at dockside. Ah, well, it is never too early for a sailor to be baptized.

END

HALL (RIGHT) AND CREWMAN JACK McALLISTER SPLASH DOWN IN VICTORY DUNKING



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Teacher's Scotch

First in Du Quoin, with a second from Rome

Not all of the seven brothers and cousins who own *Lindy's Pride* were present when he pursued trotting's top prize in Illinois. The two who had led the family into the sport had an appointment at the Vatican

This was a typically hot August day at the Du Quoin State Fairgrounds, and the air was thick with Illinois dust and the sounds and smells of a carnival. Standing there in the cool shade of his shedrow, Harold Dancer Sr took in the perspiring scene and reckoned that yes, this was as stuffy a Hambletonian day as he had ever seen. And then, as Harold lifted a Coke bottle to his lips, his millionaire little brother, Stanley, laughed and began to tease.

"I knew it," said Stanley. "rum and Coke. Ha, I knew it would get to him." Harold, who—at 57—is 15 years older than Stanley, smiled sheepishly. Then Stanley turned and looked down the shedrow where the third Dancer brother, Vernon, was working on a horse.

"Hey, Vernon," he called. "look here. A little rum and Coke. Boy, it's getting to him."

Nobody would have blamed Harold if he had wanted a little nerve stiffener before the 44th renewal of The Hambletonian, the most important event in harness racing and—with a gross purse of \$124,910 this year—one of the richest. The oldest of the driving and training Dancer brothers of New Jersey, Harold also may be the least known, having only nine horses in training compared with, roughly, Stanley's 100 and Vernon's 50. Moreover, Harold is one of the few horsemen left who specialize in young trotters, and it was considered a tribute to his talent that of the nine horses who survived to make this year's

Hambletonian, two of them (The Prophet and Viewpoint) were trained by Harold Dancer. So for a man like this, more than for many others, The Hambletonian is the beginning and the end and everything in between, too.

"Stanley operates a big stable and wants to stay at the top," Harold said, "but I've never had any desire to be at the top. The only desire I've ever had is to win The Hambletonian, but I guess that's what everyone wants. It's tough. It takes a lot of horse and a lot of luck."

The word around the barns before last week's race was that Harold had a lot of horse in The Prophet, a sometimes temperamental, swiftly improving colt who supposedly had the best finishing kick since that ill-starred runner, Silky Sullivan. The trouble was, among the nine-horse field there were also three other tough veteran horsemen going after their first Hambletonian victory, and all of them had colts who were regarded at least as highly as The Prophet.

The overwhelming sentimental favorite among the drivers, of course, was Earle Avery, the 75-year-old grandfather who was taking Gun Runner to the post for Norman Woolworth's Clearview Stables. Early in July Gun Runner had been considered one of the leading contenders, but then he came down with a debilitating respiratory ailment. The same problem had knocked two contenders—Hiland Hill and Nardin's Gayblade—out of the race entirely, and Gun Runner still was about 100 pounds underweight when Avery brought him to the paddock before the race. "He looks so bad that I'm embarrassed for him," said Avery.

In the stall next to Gun Runner little Fred Bradbury, 49, was also looking grim while hooking up his perplexing colt Doyan, who races in the name of Adonis Stable, a two-horse operation from Hempstead, Long Island. At times Du-



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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

HARNESS RACING continued

yan had been brilliant, but there also had been enough disappointing performances that the owners reportedly had been quibbling about Bradbury, even to the point of considering a new driver for the Hambo. Most of this was steadfastly denied by the owners, and Bradbury himself tried to shrug off any suggestions of pressure. "I feel fine," he said. "I should have butterflies, I guess, but I don't."

The odds-on favorite at least he would have been odds-on if betting were allowed on The Hambletonian—was Lindy's Pride, winner of the first event in trotting's Triple Crown, the Yonkers Futurity. Sometimes Lindy's Pride could be a little mischievous—once when he was leading a race at Yonkers he suddenly trotted off the track and down the paddock chute. But his trainer and driver, Howard Bessinger, said confidently that "the results speak for themselves. I think he's the best horse in the race."

The cruelest way to get Bessinger to forget the pressure of a big race is to start talking about the folks who race Lindy's Pride in the name of Lindy Farms, Inc., of Lindenhurst, Long Island—the seven brothers and cousins named Lomagnino and Antonacci (51, July 28) who got into racing only as a respite from the problems of their garbage-collecting business. Bessinger enjoys recalling the time he drove one of their pacers, Tarport Lib, to a world record of 1:56½ at Lexington, Ky.

"After the race I rushed to a telephone to tell them," Bessinger said. "All they wanted to know was how much did she pay? Can you imagine that? A world's record and they're worrying about what the mutual prices were!"

Lindy's owners have learned to appreciate the other rewards of racing since then and last Wednesday afternoon three of them, plus an excited coterie of relatives and friends, were among the sun-drenched fans who were in the stands at Du Quoin for The Hambletonian. Two more of the owners, Frank Lomagnino and Guy Antonacci, would have been there, too, but they had more pressing business in Italy: an audience with the Pope to discuss a religious revival project with which they are involved. "I wouldn't be surprised if they asked the Pope to say a little prayer for this colt," said Frank Antonacci.

An hour before post time for the first

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HARNESS RACING *continued*

heat (The Hambletonian winner is the first trotter to win two heats of a mile each), a blood sample was taken from each colt, thus making the 1969 Hambletonian the first major race in the country to have pre-race testing, eliminating any chance for a drugging scandal such as followed the 1968 Kentucky Derby. The blood tests were delivered immediately to a mobile laboratory and processed before the colts went on the track. If anything suspicious had turned up, the judges would have informed the owner and trainer and requested withdrawal of the horse. After the race the routine urine and saliva tests also were taken.

As the first heat got under way, Dayan shot from his No. 2 post position into the lead with Gun Runner in hot pursuit. Lindy's Pride, who had the pole, dropped comfortably into third with The Prophet holding fifth at the quarter pole. Time for the first quarter was 28.3 seconds, a killing pace on a hot day, and later Bradbury would say of Dayan, "Having to battle Gun Runner during that fast first quarter didn't help us any. He wanted to go and so did Gun Runner. We flamed that first part awfully fast."

On the backstretch, just before the half-mile mark, both horses were tiring, so Bessinger made what he described later as "a smart move." He took the lead with Lindy's Pride. By the three-quarter mark, in the far turn, Gun Runner had dropped back to fifth and was out of the race. "I gained ground on Dayan on that last turn, too," said Bessinger, "so I knew he wouldn't be there." But as the colts turned and trotted for the wire, here came a new challenger, Harold Dancer and The Prophet, with that notorious flushing kick.

"I heard The Prophet coming," said Bessinger, "but I wasn't worried. I touched my horse on the tail with the whip—wasn't any need to whip him because he was winning comfortably, without himself."

The margin at the wire was a length and a quarter. Significantly, the clocking was 1:57½, the second fastest heat-winning time in Hambo history.

While Bessinger was accepting congratulations, Avery had his aging head bowed in conference with Gun Runner's owner. "He's a sick horse," Avery said, sadly, "a damn sick one and he's not getting over it." They decided to scratch Gun Runner from the second heat.

As the eight survivors moved up to the starting gate to begin their second mile, Dancer, now in the No. 2 post, noticed that Lindy's Pride, still on the rail, was slow getting up to the gate. Instantly Dancer changed his race strategy. Instead of waiting to come off the pace, he decided to move out The Prophet quickly, go to the rail ahead of Lindy's Pride and "then make him come around me this time." So off they trotted into the billowing dust around the first turn. But as Dancer made his move, Dayan suddenly flashed in front of him and The Prophet went skipping off stride back into the sixth position.

Having gained the lead, Dayan was trotting for all he was worth. Meanwhile Bessinger dropped Lindy's Pride into second place and sat there patiently until the top of the stretch. Then Bessinger maneuvered his colt outside and passed Dayan midway through the stretch. The margin was 2½ lengths in the impressive time of 1:58½. Lindy's Pride had won The Hambletonian in straight heats, but back in the paddock the action was not over yet. Dancer, who had recovered and moved The Prophet up to fourth, was mad.

"Freddie Bradbury cut me down with Dayan," Dancer said, his eyes flushing beneath his dark bushy brows. "I was hollering at him so much that I'm hoarse now, but he just sat there like he was in a trance or something. That's the second time he's done that to me and I'll tell you this: I'm an old man, but there won't be a third time. I felt like my colt might have been the best in that heat, but now we'll never know."

"My horse was bearing in so bad that I couldn't hold him off," was Bradbury's answer. But the judges set back Dayan from second to fourth place, moving Ned Bower's Smokey Morn up to second and The Prophet to third. In the overall summary The Prophet got second money with Smokey Morn third, Dayan fourth and Joe D'Brien's Armbro Jet fifth.

Unaware of the contretemps, Howard Bessinger was savoring his biggest moment in more than 20 years in the sport. "I can relax now," he said, accepting the blue winner's jacket. "I'll be a little easier to get along with." And soon Frank Antonacci was talking to Frank Lomagnino in Rome.

"He won, he won!" yelled Frank A. "So what else is new?" said Frank. "I knew it. He just had to win." **END**



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by Joe Jares

The training regimen for the game of darts is beer—and a few champions are at their best when they have to be held up to shoot. They—and a million others, some of them sober—are



Closing the missile gap in U.S. pubs





Get good enough at a sport and it will leave its terrible stamp. There are the common tennis elbow and cauliflower ear. Or more exotic stigmata like linebacker's knee or, say, billiard-player's back. And now a New Yorker named Dave Lawson has learned he has the beginning stages of arthritis in his right foot from leaning forward and putting almost all his weight on his right leg hour after hour while playing his favorite game. In other words, Lawson has this country's first known case of dart-thrower's foot.

It is probably not the last because all over the U.S. there are perhaps a million "serious" darters. The principal pockets of interest are San Francisco, Los Angeles, various places in New Jersey, Albany, N.Y., and New York City. In most of these locales, dartering thrives best under the dim glow of pseudogaslight lamps in cozy pubs, where onlookers swig mugs of ale and offer encouragement ("Nice dart!"), solace ("Tough dart!") and enthusiastic admiration ("Dynamite!")

Generally, there is not much more at stake than a drink, but darts has its hustlers. Money games are common in Manhattan, and one salesman claims he makes \$10,000 a year at the game but could make \$25,000 if his wife didn't have the old-fashioned notion that one should hold a steady job. "It's not for the sport of it anymore," says this salesman, who is known as Sal. "It's not fun. The only thing I enjoy is the action, the pressure."

Sal uses the tricks of hustlers in any game, playing well but not so well that the pigeon will be scared away before the bets get interesting. He is used to playing for high stakes while high himself, or even falling-down drunk, and he actually cannot relax and play his best until he's "half in the bag." There have been times when he had to be propped up at the line by friends so he could make the winning shot.

When Sal has the pigeon suckered into a big-money game, he knows how to apply the crusher. He can purposely throw away the first two darts and then make the winning shot with the third. He was once way ahead in a \$100 game and needed one dart in a certain spot to win. He turned his head and put it there without looking.

Gamesmanship is an integral part of dartering. Sal is an expert needler, and so is Howie, a sharpshooter who got turned on to darts when a Playboy Club bunny frowned him in a match in a bar one night. Howie loves to throw his opponents off balance. If he's up against someone shooting well, he'll take three minutes to walk up to the board

 Anne Boleyn once gave Henry VIII a matched set of darts



and pull his darts out, replace the darts and chalk up his score. Or he'll collect his darts and lightly bump his opponent on his way back past the line, making the guy change his stance just a fraction.

"His favorite is standing right behind you when you shoot," says a frequent opponent nicknamed Dale the Blowgun. "That's very nerve-racking, even though he's not doing a damn thing you can turn around and accuse him of."

During a recent Monday lunch hour, almost directly under the NO GAMBLING sign in a little upper East Side saloon, Sal was playing a well-dressed business-

man for up to 60¢ a point in a darts variation in which the points can mount up quickly. If he won \$35 he'd say, "Well, make it \$20," and they would order another round of drinks and resume playing. Sal needed no hustler's strategy with this pigeon, who seemed bent on giving all his money away. Sal won nine out of 10 games, and the \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills piled on the bar next to his glass looked like a lettuce salad. Finally the masochistic businessman paid for his last loss, picked his darts in an attack case and staggered out, poorer by \$250 and lucky it wasn't more.

Sal continued drinking that afternoon, and that night he played in the tournament at Huey's Pub. He was still drinking, but after the tournament he couldn't get any takers for money games. Not even Howie would bite. Some of the gang in Huey's might have played Sal when he was sober, but not when he was blotto.

The uninitiated might imagine the most popular dart board in bars to be a typical bull's-eye target with concentric circles. Instead it is a challenging "clock" board. Usually red, green, cream and black, the board is divided by thin-wire spokes into 20 pie-shaped sections, plus the bull's-eye (worth 25 points) and inner bull's-eye (worth 50). There is a narrow band all around the edge called the double ring and a smaller band near the center called the triple ring. Skillful players, standing eight feet away, can put two out of three darts in the triple 20 section, and there are a few who will take bets on putting in all three, a trick known as "three in a bed." The clock board and most of its myriad games originated in Great Britain, where there are about 6 million players. About 120,000 fancy themselves good enough to enter the annual *News of the World* national tournament. The big game is 101, in which each player starts with 301 points and works down to zero. Since it is possible to do this with just six darts,

arithmetic is almost as important as aim and a top player doesn't hesitate a second. If he has 54 points to go, "14, double 20" flashes through his mind. Instead of zeroing in on the bull all the time he has to alter his aim constantly.

Darting in England goes back to the 16th century, and darts as implements of war go back at least to the early 1300s, when soldiers used "lances, swordes, dartes." (Of course, they still could be weapons. Reuters reported in 1952 that when a puff adder slithered into a hotel bar in Southern Rhodesia and was about to strike a customer, the local champ "hurled his dart through its head.") Results of important tournaments were broadcast to the British troops in World War II, and the sport sections of such papers as the *Liverpool Echo* carry stories on darts right alongside articles on cricket and soccer. English ladies have their own darts clubs, and there are even tournaments for the blind, who hold strings from the bull's-eye to find the range. The magistrates court in Glasgow once banned darts in pubs, and the ruling caused such an uproar that the House of Commons took up the matter and the home secretary overruled the judges.

Wise old darters in the U.S. know they must be extra wary when a British seaman wanders into a bar and wants to play for a tuppence or so. It seems that every one of Her Majesty's Ships keeps its crew content by providing a homestyle public house on board—and that of course includes a dartboard or two or three. After a fellow has spent a few monotonous months at sea shooting dart after dart while his ship pitches and rolls, he can be a formidable opponent on solid ground.

However, on at least one occasion in a Manhattan dockside saloon, an American crew upset the lads from the *Queen Elizabeth*, and another time the *Queen Mary* crew was defeated, even though it had its pick from 1,200 players.

Darting has its stars. Tom Barrett, twice *News of the World* champion, knows the board better than the palm of his hand and can cover it (the board, not his palm) with a newspaper and still beat almost anyone. Joseph Hitchcock could win throwing six-inch nails. And in 1937, in King John's Head, Blackfriars, London, Jim Pike went round the board in three minutes, 30 seconds—throwing from nine feet, retrieving his own darts and counting only shots that hit in the doubles ring.

The Pilgrims brought darts along on the *Mayflower*, and today General Sportcraft Company Ltd. in New Jersey, a large distributor of sporting goods, estimates that 300,000 boards a year are sold in the U.S. Most are put up in basement recreation rooms, but many go to taverns where the best players are usually developed.

Most good shooters do not just pick up any old darts that happen to be lying on the bar. A good shooter carries his own, and he frequently replaces the four-bladed wings, or "flights," made of feathers, paper or plastic. Feathers or paper are preferred because they will slide in side by side in the bull's-eye or triple 20, the longer-lasting plastic flights have a tendency to bounce off each other. The barrel of a dart can be metal, wood or bone.

For 16 years Colin Tinson, part owner of the David Copperfield pub in Manhattan, had a pet set of darts with the barrels lathed down to his precise specifications. Then some cruel thief stole one of them. Other darters are more fickle and change darts the way Arnold Palmer shuffles putters.

To tempt these devotees there is a surprising array of equipment, most of it manufactured in England, where Anne Boleyn once presented Henry VIII with "darts of Biscayan fashion richly ornamented." The Dorwin Pencil Company Ltd. makes a dart with a Non-Slip Grip but hasn't turned out any pencils in almost 30 years. Unicorn, "the Big name in darts," gives its products new-car-model names: the Bullet, the Long Tom, the Trident and, since

1937, the Silver Comet. The Ambassador models are "pure gold-plated darts of an unsurpassable standard of excellence." Unicorn also offers shapes like torpedoes, screwdriver handles, teardrops and even beer bottles, plus every size from needles up to spears, and flights "perfectly moulded in guaranteed virgin material."

The best boards, also made in England, are known as "pig bristle" or "bear's hair" boards, although they have no more to do with pork than the "pigskin" used in college football. They are usually made of ssal, a durable white fiber, and feel like a very dense crew cut to the touch. English elm boards are not as popular because they have to be soaked often to stay in good condition.

One of the popular accessories is the Jiffy dart point sharpener, a little block of vitrified silicon

As the puff adder
was about to strike. . .



carbide with a conical cavity. Rub the points around in the cavity and the honed darts will slide off the metal dividers on the board and stick, instead of bouncing off into the floor. Glenn Dulmage, once an eight-hour-a-day dartman at the Lion's Head in Greenwich Village, sought even more of an edge and used his wife's electric knife sharpener.

Given growing American interest in darting, it seems strange there is no national tournament or team to challenge the British. After all, curling and roque are well-organized, so why not darts? Two New Yorkers, Don Denton and Paul Maxwell, did start the American Darting Association not long ago, but after Maxwell wrote a book, *Smart Darts* (still unpublished), and Denton spent about \$3,000, the organization stagnated.

Now two more New Yorkers, Bob McLeod, assistant to the president of a construction company, and Bob Cady, who sells electronic data-processing machines, have launched the U.S. Darting Association with big plans and a stirring slogan: "Dedicated to the advancement of serious darting."

They are pretty dedicated themselves, in fact, they're a little daft on the subject. McLeod has a set of darts at home, a set at his office and a set he carries with him. In his apartment he has a board on the back of a door, and he practices at the same time he watches TV.

Cady comes home from work and relaxes by challenging his wife to a game of "cricket," a popular darts variation in pubs. "Mary Beth and I have finally found a sport we can do together," he says. At first Mary Beth was a bit wild. In cricket the object is to "close out" numbers by throwing three darts into the proper sections, starting with 20 and working down to 15 or 10 and ending with the bull's-eye. Mary Beth had difficulties hitting the board in the beginning, and after several rounds Bob told her: "O.K., honey, that 'closes' the couch. Would you like to try for the armchair?"

The USDA has a newsletter, *On the Wire*, and is planning a national tournament, tennis-style rankings and a mail-order sideline called Darts Unlimited. Pubs can get a USDA institutional membership and a keen decal for \$12.50 a year. As yet there is no U.S. Darting Writers Association to pick an All-America team.

So far the USDA has not taken a stand on gambling. Vice squads around the country, what with narcotics and a few other problems to worry about, haven't been raiding many dart pubs lately and, besides, it's a little hard to imagine Darts Commissioners McLeod and Cady following Pete Roelle's lead and ordering some star shooter to divest himself of a bar. However, at least one pub did have a minor brush with the law not long ago.

This particular establishment has an Anglophile for an owner, a man who first visited England in 1952 and one day wandered into King Arthur's Arms in Tintagel, Cornwall County. There he discovered darts and English beer,

both of which he imported successfully to the U.S. So many darters congregated in his place that a real storage problem developed with all the plastic dart cases filed away among the whiskey bottles or under the bar so the regulars wouldn't have to pack them back and forth from home. The trouble was the bartenders spent half their time searching for Joe Blow's Long Toms instead of mixing drinks. The proprietor's clever solution was to install some old post-office boxes in his dart room and rent them out for 50¢ a month or \$3 for six months.

He had reached the point where the customers were having to share the boxes when one night a police sergeant walked in. Somebody with a grudge had filed a complaint that there was wagering going on, and no telling what else.

"Gambling is illegal in any place that sells alcoholic beverages," said the cop. "Section 106, subdivision six of the alcoholic beverage control law."

"Look," said Mr. Anglophile, "I don't charge anything for people to play, and there are no prizes. Guys do wager on the outcome, but just drinks."

Then he led the sergeant into the dart room to watch a game of 301 in progress, explained its rules and subtleties and told of the traditions of the English pub: how the regular thump-thump-thump from the dartboard soothes the tired working man sipping at his room-temperature beer and how, if a bloke scores 100 points or more with three darts in a tournament, the scorer calls to the barman, "A ton and over," and the barman sets up free pints for everybody, courtesy of whatever brewery owns the place.

The sergeant couldn't see how any harm was being done, so he left without arresting anybody or confiscating the board. But in a minute he was back.

"Say," he said, "would you mind very much if I came back in civvies tomorrow night and tried this game?"

Mr. Anglophile said he didn't mind.

A few pub owners have soured on the game. The Lexington Avenue Local in Manhattan—a bar, not a subway train—used to attract fans from as far away as Hartford and Baltimore until the owner became a traitor to the cause by replacing the darts range with tables and chairs. The board is still up, but you would have to stand in somebody's salad to shoot. Kenny Beyer, owner of an English-motif bar and a fine shot himself, tries to keep the darts as "light entertainment" in his place. "When darts becomes prevalent, you stop selling drinks," he says.

Other publicans disagree. The proprietors of the David Copperfield say, "We built this place on darts" [which seems structurally unsound, somehow], and the owner of the Limelight in Greenwich Village insists that his dart room pays more per square foot than any other part of the restaurant.

"It gives people a chance to meet other people," says Owner Ed Gormley of the Guardsman in New York. "It

fits into the whole idea of a masculine drinking atmosphere and promotes camaraderie. It also promotes the sale of beer."

The apparent success of a host of San Francisco dart pubs seems to bolster the proponents' side. Bay Area darters already have Ye Rose and Thistle (one board downstairs, two upstairs and space for eight more if necessary), the Red Lion, the Abbey Tavern, the Albatross, the No-



The Living Dart was still going when they turned out the pub lights



Name Bar in Sausalito, Ye Olde Bull and Bush, the Edinburgh Castle and others. Yet still another place, the Lord Nelson, recently opened on lower Sutter Street with eight boards.

There is a league in San Francisco with more than 330 players on 32 teams and another in Los Angeles with more than 750 players, some of them sporting team shoulder patches and dart-shaped tie clasps. In Los Angeles the game thrives in friendly little beer joints in westside neighborhoods, the San Fernando Valley and the South Bay—Limy's in Culver City, the Lincoln Arms in Venice, the Dutch Treat in Van Nuys, the Mucky Duck in Santa Monica. A bachelor from Brooklyn named Dick Mitzen is the chief organizer, and a newsletter called *Darts and Dashes* gossips about who beat whom the other night at the Torrance Bowl-O-Drome.

There are leagues in the East, too, such as the aptly named Jelly Belly Dart Association of Greenport, Long Island, N.Y. The most unusual is in Bergen County, N.J., where squads representing various towns have played once-

a-week matches eight months a year for the last 10 years. The "home courts" are eight private homes, one diner and one club. There are scheduling committees, official scorers, a pro hockey-style playoff system and an annual banquet at which the outstanding individuals and teams are awarded trophies shaped like darts.

One of the Bergen County players—80% of them are expatriates from Great Britain—might be the best in the

U.S., but it would take a national tournament to decide that issue. In San Francisco, where the tournament pots sometimes reach \$1,000, a machinist named Davey Cohan has lots of supporters. Manhattan has Mark Greene, Al Rummel, Kenny Beyer and a lot of others known principally by their first names, Howie, Sal, Robin, Rod, Shep and a girl named Joy, plus two oldtimers known in every dart pub in town as "Jake and Eddie from New Jersey."

Most of them are cocky enough to think they can reckon with the wind from the air conditioner, the racket from the jukebox and the intake of ale and still toss their Silver Comets through the eye of a needle or the head of a puff adder.

There is a Connecticut resident named Robin who, says a friend, "is unbeatable when he's on. I've never seen a man with such concentration in my life. You can drop a bomb next to his foot and he'd still throw a triple."

"That's the whole game, confidence and concentration," says Howie. "The minute you don't think you can beat a guy, your darts are going to start wandering."

"There is a great psychological insight into somebody shooting darts," says Mark Greene. "You find out what their hang-ups are. They can get pretty petty. It gives you an indication of whether or not you want to get to know them better."

Out-and-out cheaters are quickly ostracized. It's not so bad when a fellow edges over the line a bit, probably as a hangover from marbles (Englishmen call this "getting your feet wet"), but frowned upon is the guy who leans way forward to shoot his first two darts, then takes a stride toward the board while shooting his third, almost sticking it in like a thumbtack. Worse is the villain who has a dart on the line between 20 and one and pulls it out before anyone else has a chance to see which side of the wire it was on.

There are even a few dart huns, the most infamous being a New York ne'er-do-well known as L.D., The Living Dart. He is a tall, skinny, bespectacled Annapolis graduate who thinks the world begins at the line and ends at the board. He doesn't work, he just sort of survives. People who drink with him somehow always end up with the tab, and when he asks to borrow a cigarette he habitually takes four or five for later. He was evicted from his apartment, and for quite a while he slept on the floor of a

friend's Manhattan real-estate office after the taverns closed.

L.D., a lefty, is such a fanatic that he trained himself to mark his score with his right hand so he wouldn't have any "chalk buildup" on his shooting fingers. The ex-manager of Charlie Bates', an East Side pub, recalls one of L.D.'s dartathons. "He comes in at 1 p.m. and starts shooting by himself. When more people start coming in around 6, he's still at it. At 9.30, with a lot of people in the place, he's still shooting. Midnight, same thing. He's still going at 4 a.m. when I close and turn out the lights. Now it's 4.30 and a few of us are sitting in the back, and The Living Dart is up there shooting in the dark! He must have walked 10 miles back and forth to the board!"

Alas, dedicated L.D. cannot shoot well for money. For a beer or a few dollars, he's an indoor Robin Hood. Hike the ante a bit and, in the darters' lingo, he "goes blind." As a result, he owes everybody money and no longer shows up in his old hangouts. Disappeared.

Could it be that The Living Dart has retired to a steady job or gone back to the Navy?

"Oh, no," said a longtime acquaintance. "I don't know where he is, but believe me, he's shooting darts somewhere."



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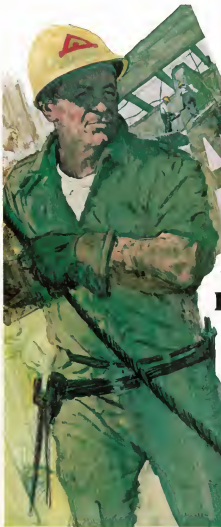
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mel Stottlemyre of New York (2-2) came to play and earned his 17th victory, but Joe Pepitone did not come to play and got a \$500 fine and an indefinite suspension. Despite suffering a badly bruised leg in his previous start, Stottlemyre insisted on pitching last week and, with the help of four hits by Horace Clarke, he was a winner. As for Pepitone, he twice left the park without permission and paid the consequences, financial and otherwise. Even so, Yankee hopes of winning fourth place from the Senators were bolstered by the rejuvenation of Al Downing, who has given just three earned runs in 43½ innings and last week beat the Royals 6-1. Washington (2-3) batters hit the skids and not much else in their first four games, averaging .216. Even Frank Howard's 41st homer was obscured by another accomplishment—his first stolen base in three years. When it came to woes, it was hard to beat Luis Tiant of Cleveland (8-4). Or maybe it should be said that it was easy to beat Tiant, who lost his seventh straight game and 17th in all. A three-run, eighth-inning homer by Tony Conigliaro gave Boston (4-1) one win over the Royals, and Mike Nagy and Vicente Romo notched others with route-going efforts. Jim Northrup of Detroit (5-1) got the green light on a 3-0 pitch in the 13th inning, and when George LaRue of the A's tried to throw a soft "automatic strike" he hit it over the 94-foot-high third dock in Tiger Stadium. Northrup thus became the sixth player to achieve that feat. The homer, his second of the night, was also his sixth hit in six at bats in that game. Chico Salmon of Eastern leader Baltimore (3-3) got a hit-away sign of a different kind from Manager Earl Weaver.

With runners on first and third and two out in the 11th of a tie game with the Phillies, Weaver flashed his special bent-for-a-hit sign. Salmon complied, and the Orioles salted away another game. There were losses, though, and for the second time in six days the Orioles dropped both ends of a doubleheader, this time to California (4-1) as Andy Messersmith and Jim McGlothlin stopped them. The Angels have been 44-44 and have climbed from sixth place to third in the West since Lefty Phillips took over as manager on May 27. Manager Joe Schultz of Seattle (1-4) came out in front 1,249 to 21 in a newspaper poll that asked whether or not he should be rehired. Schultz' popularity did not impress GM Marvin Milkes, who said: "I'm not running a love-in." All sides were impressed, though, with Gene Brabender's four-hit 2-1 win over the Orioles that ended a 10-game losing streak. Oakland (2-4) fell 3½ games behind the first-place Twins but was encouraged when Jim Nash, sidelined for almost two months with a bad shoulder, returned and pitched shut-out ball. Minnesota (3-2) Manager Billy Martin ordered NBC cameramen and Hubert Humphrey, who was supposed to be interviewed in his clubhouse, off the premises. "How are we going to keep a winning attitude if we have a big time in front of the cameras when we lose?" asked Martin. Then Jim Perry, Dave Boswell and Tom Hall pitched the Twins to victories and cameramen were more than welcome in the clubhouse once again. Chicago (3-1) vacated the cellar and closed in on fourth-place Kansas City (1-4). Backed by three homers, the first by the White Sox in seven games, Joe Horlen won his 10th game. The Royals were begged down by such things as hitting into

five double plays in one game and stranding flocks of runners on base.

Standings—East: Balt. 90-63; Det. 78-54; Bos. 70-60; Wash. 67-65; NY 66-65; Cleo 54-78; West: Minn. 76-52; Oak 74-55; Cal 55-72; KC 55-77; Chi 51-79; Sea 45-80.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

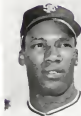
Resorting to the bottle has, in a few short weeks, transformed Willie Davis of Los Angeles (4-1) from a glum, ready-to-quit player into a happy, hard-hitting one. The bottle, in Davis' case, is the shape of the bat that he borrowed from teammate Ken Boyer. When Davis began using the bat on Aug. 1, his average was down to .260. Since then he has batted .439, capping his resurgence last week with a nine-for-20 spree that brought his season's average up to .317. What's more, Davis has hit in all 27 games since first picking up the bottle, the longest streak in the league since a 29-game string in 1959. The better that time? None other than Ken Boyer. Perhaps even more important to Davis than a change in bats has been his change in attitude. He traces that to the St. Louis-bound flight after he had gone 0 for 6 against the Pirates "Chuck baseball," he told himself, "I'll make it as a professional golfer." Minutes later, though, he recanted, telling himself, "Give it one more try. I'll concentrate on meeting the ball, forget the fences and see what happens." His outburst with Boyer's 37-ounce bottle, coupled with Claude Osteen's 17th and 18th wins, Bill Singer's 16th win and Tom Haller's clutch hitting, kept the Dodgers in the thick of the Western race. Staying in front of the Dodgers and the rest of the surging pack was not easy, but San Francisco (4-1) did just that by playing superbly and building a nine-game winning streak.

continued

HIGHLIGHT

For years the Giant farm system has been producing the next Willie Mays. The quest, which at times bordered on being a fetish, brought up such replacements as Jose Cardenal and Leon Wagner, Willie Kirkland and Jesus Alou. All became San Francisco outfielders, all failed to come close to matching Mays and all are now playing elsewhere. The failure to find a replacement mastered little, for Mays needed none. Now, though, he is 38, his knee bothers him and he is often rusted. And now, fortunately, the farm system has delivered Mays' successor very likely will be a 23-year-old named Bobby Bonds, who looks more and more like the man for future seasons. Bonds may ever push the Giants to a championship in his first full year with them. Last season he hit .254 in 81 games and through mid-August was hitting .271. More than that, his speed—Bonds has stolen 36 bases

this year, only four less than Mays had in his best season—helped make him a productive lead-off man. But Manager Clyde King took an even greater liking to Bonds' development as a slugger, and on August 21 he moved him to the No. 5 slot in the lineup. It was like setting a match to gasoline. In the first nine games Bonds hit an explosive, Mays-like .324 and had 18 RBIs and seven home runs. And he set up a game-winning run last week by stealing second base in the 10th inning against the Phillies. Bonds still has trouble hitting curves, has struck out more than 100 times this season and is no Mays in the field. But, with 31 games to go, his 29 homers and 72 RBIs compare favorably with the totals of 41 and 110 that Mays had when he was 23 years old back in 1954. Mays recently spent \$137,000 to buy a house and some acreage outside of San Francisco, sort of a one-man retirement village. His going will sadden Giant fans, but less so now that the Giants have posed Bonds on their future.



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BASEBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Gaylord Perry and Juan Marchal each won his 16th game and Reliever Frank Lary his 11th and 12th. Willie McCovey chipped in with two homers and 12 RBIs, giving him league-leading totals of 41 and 112 in those categories. Others who contributed mightily were Ron Hunt, who had 10 hits in 14 at bats against the Phillies, and Bobby Bonds (page 73). Breathing most of the new life into Atlanta (3-2) were Phil Nickro, whose 1-0 victory over the Pirates was his 20th complete game and 18th win, and Hank Aaron, who took care of the Braves the next day with two homers and six RBIs. Aaron also finally revealed the seriousness of back troubles plaguing him all year. Doctors, he said, told him he will just have to suffer with an uncorrectable bone chip and calcium deposits. "Sometimes I resort to sleeping pills to get any rest," Aaron said. "I'd come out of the lineup if it weren't for the pennant race." For the second week in a row the Cincinnati (5-1) pitchers failed to get a complete game. But the batters, led by the .455 hitting of Alex Johnson, produced 36 runs and kept the Reds on the move. Houston (3-3) hitters, though, sagged. Their 201 average negated fine pitching by Larry Dierker, who lost 1-0 to the Cardinals, and newly acquired Jim Bouton, who lost 4-2 to the Pirates in 10 innings. A lack of power also was evident in San Diego (1-3). The Padres returned home anxious to get a glimpse of a new animated cartoon their scoreboard would flash whenever they drove an opposing pitcher from the mound. There were no cartoons for nearly a week. Then the Padres belted Mike Wogener of the Expos out of a game and sat up to look. The action was better than the scoreboard act. Ferguson Jenkins of Chicago (1-3) also had something he wanted to display—a tattoo of a rose-entwined cross on his right arm. To help it dry, he kept it bandaged as he pitched a five-hitter that halted a four-game Cub skid. New York (4-1) had closed to within two games of the Cubs in the East as Tom Seaver won his 18th and Jerry Koosman hurled a two-hitter. Then the Mets had their six-game win streak snapped by the Giants. Philadelphia (6-5) lost three one-run games, and St. Louis (2-4) dropped two games in the last inning before Steve Hunt beat the Astros 2-1 in the 10th with his first big-league homer. Pittsburgh (1-4) lost three before beating the Astros 4-2 in the 10th on Al Oliver's double. "I've watched the Expos on TV, and I must say they are staggeringly exciting," said Montreal (1-3) fan Levier B. Pearson, former Canadian prime minister. Last week, they mainly staggered. The Expos hit only .203 and were blanked twice, but they did pep up Pearson and themselves with a come-from-behind 9-5 win over the Dodgers.

Standings—East: Chi 81 57 NY 75 52 SFL 71 61
Atl 69 60 Phil 52 73 Miam 40-52 West: SF 72 58
Oak 71 57 LA 71 54 SD 72 61 Hou 61 62 Cle 58 62

Hall of Fame material.

A man with short brown hair is standing on a racetrack, looking off to the side. He is wearing a white zip-up jacket with a red, white, and blue racing stripe down the left side. On the left chest of the jacket is a circular patch with a yellow horse silhouette and the words 'FORD' and 'MUSTANG'. He is also wearing a gold-toned watch on his left wrist. In the background, there is a black sign with 'LEAD' in orange letters and a white sign with 'NEW YORK RATION' in red letters. The racetrack surface is dark and shows tire marks.



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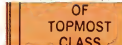
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you're after coming. If I were you,
I wouldn't start from here at all."

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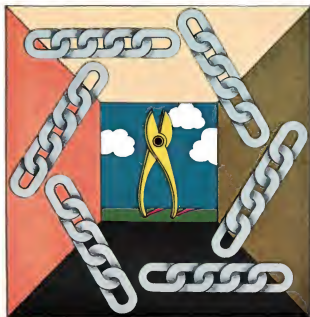
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SOFTBALL **GRAHAM HALL** of Bayate, N.Y., won the Mathey Cup North America crown as a catcher for the Hall, an incoming 12th grader to the Hall, was an easy victor when 16-year-old Peter Warner finished behind him and slipped to second in the overall standings. League champion was the 1984 team.

FOOTBALL Obviously even upon being drafted in well-deserved, KANSAS CITY continued its exhibition exploits with a 16th consecutive win, over St. Louis 16-13. Lisa Brown threw for a pair of scores, and the Chiefs' defense held the Cardinals scoreless in the second and third quarters. **DARLAND**, the center, won his first retention game in four starts 24-6 over the New York Jets. For Mustang played only long enough to complete five of seven plays and then, seated on the bench, more as a safety precaution against the savage ravages of Ben Davidson and his 35-year-old son in his own locker. The Raiders' 41-year-old double-play quarterback, George Blanda, ran the game out of reach in the fourth period with a 25-yard touchdown pass and held game with Warren going nearly full time later in the week. **W YORK** beat Minnesota 24-23. In Minnesota's Larry Pate, who has the football, he won't win, only 8,212 people showed up to see DEBUT. Hallback McCall won the only touchdown in a 27-21 victory over Boston. Ken Plunkett's Kyle Mason outbounced the Patriots' Ken Capelotti but field goals to three. Detroit made it two wins in one week, defeating the Washington 23-20 as the Lions returned a blocked field goal 71 yards for a score after his 90-yard punt kickback was nullified. "Cris" Anderson came out to help DALLAS forget Don Meredith's retirement with a 30-yard scoring pass to Larry Randle and another of the same length to Bob Hayes, which set up the touchdown that beat Houston 14-11 before 55,110 in the Astrodome. (See PHILADELPHIA, refused to be named by the New York Giants, refusing to name a player deficit to was 24-17. BALTIMORE stayed with Kansas City at the stadium, scoring 16-10, a game on a new 23-10 at the stadium of Miami Johnny Unitas was the Colt's protagonist, making up for an early retirement with a touch-down pass to former Ole-Louis led a 30-yard mark for a second score, and Lou Michaels' son accounted for three field goals. Mike Peterson kicked five field goals as a 21-16 CHICAGO AGING team at Buffalo in the first game of a doubleheader at Cleveland that drew 45,513 fans. (Bubba Thurman) accounted a knockout 91 yards for the second of 22 victories caught a pair of passes. In the second game of the two in Bill GARDNER RAY refused from an early 14-0 defeat to beat Cleveland and made an exhibition record. Rookie Greg Cook continued to please Coach Dick Brown by tossing a touch-down pass and setting up three field goals. **INDIAN**

CINCINNATI turned Pittsburgh 23-15. Another first-year man, Quarterback Ed McCaffrey, led a big night for NEW ORLEANS when he threw five touchdowns in the final 44 minutes to salvage a 23-17 victory over Atlanta. In an unsatisfactory San Francisco, California, light. LOS ANGELES beat San Diego 24-14.

GOLF **STEEVE MELNYK**, a senior at the University of Florida, led from start to finish in the 49th U.S. Amateur Championship in Oakbrook, Pa. Expelled from a bunker for an eagle on the 18th hole, Melnyk made better with a 12 for a 72-hole total of 206. Two over par played 261. Vinny Giblin became the first man at the tourney a history to finish second three times.

HARNESS RACING **PIERCE LINDY'S PRIDE** won the 44th Hawthorne at De Quen, Ill. at straightaway heats. The 3-year-old pacer earned \$62,455 with his 20th victory in 37 starts (June 30). Canada's **FRESH YANKER** (31:01) closed with a neck to outpace France's champion mare Kise de Mar in the \$40,000 Challenge Cup at Remondy Raceway. Fresh Yanker, who had finished third behind Lisa de Mar and America's Service Pride in the \$100,000 Kentucky International, won the race by a head. Service Pride was scratched.

HORSE RACING **PAST HILARIOUS** (53:14) edged out of a changing night leader by a neck in the \$100,000 American Derby at Arlington Park. More than 30,000 people attended. The 3-year-old race's first major stakes event ran at night.

KEEGAN RUSSELL'S GALLANT BLOOM (51:50) won the 74th running of the Seattle at Belmont Park and led the stakes record of 1:49 for 138 miles. It won by his eighth straight race. Gallant Bloom carried more weight successfully (127 pounds) than any other 8½-year-old race with record on 3-year-olds.

BREXID The KANSAS CITY Spirit shocked the North American Soccer League championship by defeating the Baltimore Bays 2-0, giving Kansas City 110 points for the season and putting the Spirit beyond reach of second-place Atlanta.

SWIM **U.S. Olympians** got a glimpse of a job when they swam the five-member team that will meet Russia in a few weeks were knocked out in early rounds of the U.S. Open at Ocean Hall. Bob Lutz was beaten the first by third-seeded professional Tony Roche of Australia 11:46.6-4-9-7. Rusty Smith, Charlie Patterson and Clark Grahame lost in the second round. Smith was toppled by Rustum's 5:12.5-7, 12:10-7-5-A. Patterson fell in straight sets to Anne Truitt. Addison 6-7-9-4 and Grahame had to defeat to

British pro Roger Taylor when he suffered an ankle fracture. In the final, the 1984 Davis Cup player and winner of Forest Hills, first professional in the year, stayed in by posting through two easy matches and then a tough "bracket" racket. Top-seeded **ROD LAVER** of Australia moved into the fourth round unscathed. Rugged upset among the pros came when 19-year-old Open number one Tim Licker, soon to reach another Mark Cox in the first round 7-9, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4-9-7.

BASEBALL **SCINED** By the Philadelphia Eagles, Purdue All-American **LEROY KEYS**, who finished a longest high-jump record of 70.5 inches, a five-year contract reported to be worth about \$100,000. Eagles General Manager Pete Roemer said Keys will be getting more per year than Buffalo's G. J. Simpson, the man who has been out for the Heisman Trophy last season.

HIRED As general manager of the NBA's Chicago Bulls, **PAT WILKINS**, former promotion manager of the Philadelphia 76ers, Williams replaced Dick Kirk, who created the franchise but had trouble getting along with coaches and signing draft choices.

APPOINTED As acting athletic director at one-time MARSHALL UNIVERSITY, Charles E. Kautz, along with Acting Football Coach R. D. (Rocky) Tolley and Acting Basketball Coach W. (Wally) Marshall, will be in charge of the Mid-American Conference for violating NCAA and league rules.

REUNITED With the San Francisco Warriors of the National Basketball Association, **ELI RY**, the slender forward who was NBA Rookie of the Year in 1983 and leading scorer in 1986 before signing to the ABA's Oakland Oaks, was named a five-year contract with the Warriors, saying he did not want to move to Washington with the recently sold Oakland Braves.

WOUNDED Partner Noree Diane Capitan and Pittsburgh Steeler Halfback **ROCKY REIER**, on the left side and right side, and lost by Van Coughnour five and a grove. Armo Proctor Blew underwent an operation in Tokyo and his football career may be over. However, Steeler Owner Art Rooney received a letter from Blew saying he would be able to play again.

DIED **FRED KOHLER**, 66, Chicago wrestling impresario, early advocate of the American tag team match and one of the first promoters to use the sport for whatever you want to sell. He died of a natural infarction, in St. Paul, Minn.

CREDITS

6-17: **22**, **23**, **24**, **25**, **26**, **27**, **28**, **29**, **30**, **31**, **32**, **33**, **34**, **35**, **36**, **37**, **38**, **39**, **40**, **41**, **42**, **43**, **44**, **45**, **46**, **47**, **48**, **49**, **50**, **51**, **52**, **53**, **54**, **55**, **56**, **57**, **58**, **59**, **60**, **61**, **62**, **63**, **64**, **65**, **66**, **67**, **68**, **69**, **70**, **71**, **72**, **73**, **74**, **75**, **76**, **77**, **78**, **79**, **80**, **81**, **82**, **83**, **84**, **85**, **86**, **87**, **88**, **89**, **90**, **91**, **92**, **93**, **94**, **95**, **96**, **97**, **98**, **99**, **100**.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DEBBIE SMITH, E. a 34-year-old fourth-grader from Hampton, Va., rolled a 301 series with games of 165, 178 and 158 on her father's lanes. A bowler for two years, Debbie has a high game of 198 and a 913 average in practice and a 191 game and a 127 average in a league.

MIKE ROBERTS of Dayton stands only 4'11", but he threw five no-hitters and 11 one-hitters in a league for 11- and 12-year-olds, compiling a 23-4 record. His team won the championship when he threw two no-hitters on the same day, striking out 23 batters.

MARK FITCH, who will be a freshman at the University of Wyoming, was all-state in high school football and basketball. Wyoming's best all-around high school cowboy, a state record breaker in the pole vault and triple jump and valedictorian of his class.

BILLY CHAD, 12, of Palo Alto, Calif., a candidate for future Olympic swim competition, won the Junior Olympic 100-meter butterfly in his age group and then took 9.2 seconds off the national junior record for the 200-meter individual medley with a time of 2:27.4.

FERN GARDNER, a Utah State physical education teacher, picked her team to its ninth consecutive Rocky Mountain regional softball title and had a season record of 31-4, an ERA of 0.34 and only 25 walks in 257½ innings. She was the tournament's MVP.

MARK HILLS, a junior at Topeka (Kan.) High School, made two holes-in-one in 1984 and 1985. He got the first in practice with a 196-yard three-wood and celebrated his 16th birthday with the second, which came in the City Junior Tournament and helped him finish fourth.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON THE LINE

Sirs:

Hooray! Someone has finally laid it on the line and made an effort to stand up and be counted (*The Desperate Coach*, Aug. 25 et seq.). Athletics in the past have been a means, or a stepping stone, to reach the goals of a democratic society. The coaches, naturally, have been the vital cog in the leadership necessary for these goals. I only wish that every person in America understood the relationship of athletics to the necessary morals for survival and for democracy.

Let's get rid of the back passers, those who don't want to rock the boat, those who want to feather their own nests and all the other gutless leaders who won't stand up and be counted. Discipline promotes respect, and respect is a reflection of discipline. Young people need and desire discipline and guidance. It is past time for all of us to stand up on our own two feet, on our own training and on our own experience and give this guidance to them.

GARY HARTER

Crestline, Calif.

Sirs:

I have some difficulty understanding what coaches mean by "discipline." If discipline means shaving your face and skull and wearing a bright red blazer with the middle button buttoned, then this is ridiculous.

An athlete has to develop most of his playing ability prior to reaching college—otherwise he wouldn't be given a contract, or scholarship. But players don't learn how to play football and basketball by rigidifying their lives; they learn by playing on playgrounds, in alleys or parking lots and they do so for fun. They wear sneakers and dirty trousers and sweat shirts. Only after coming to certain colleges are they subjected to what is called discipline.

But does this discipline and unquestioned obedience have harmful results? I think the answer is clearly yes.

Boat Bryant's statement was indicative though incomplete. He said, "If they see anything that looks like a hippie or a rebel in those pictures, they'll have to point it out to me." To this it should be added that if they see anything that looks like a black athlete it should be pointed out to him.

And what is Boat's defense for his ways? He won't change because he's "too old." I believe he's right, and when people get old they ought to step aside. Coaches take heed.

JERRY W. LEAHART

New York City

Sirs:

Who are college athletics for, the athlete or the alumni? If it is for the latter, which I

suspect it is, then maybe the desperate coach ought to take a closer look at the desperate athlete.

JEFFREY A. GLISER

Teaching Fellow

Bowling Green State University

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sirs:

I wonder if Coach Bob Devaney realized how hilariously appropriate at least half of his homely analogy was ("Faculty people telling athletic people how to do their job is like a carpenter telling a barber how to cut hair"). John Underwood's article makes it very clear that the desperate coach is mostly desperate about getting his players' hair cut.

E. W. OLSENBERG

Grand Haven, Mich.

Sirs:

John Underwood's article implies that any player who is not solely concerned with the team effort and relating to the coach like a mindless henchman cannot and should not be tolerated. In Mr. Underwood's opinion the coach who attempts to deal with his players as intelligent, rational and concerned young men ends up losing games and face.

The type of mentality long popularized on football training fields and accompanied by banal, chauvinistic halftime ceremonies will not enable our young men to confront the ethical problems that face our society today.

There is definitely a place for athletics on the college campus, but no place for coaches who divorce themselves from the reality of change and who avoid recruiting what Dee Andros calls "freethinkers."

GEORGE H. MCGLYNN

Department of Health, Physical

Education and Recreation

University of San Francisco

San Francisco

Sirs:

I am both a desperate coach and a freethinker. Being 23 and an athletic director, I know what is "going on" on both sides. Our youth today do not have to work very hard or use much initiative to become economically secure, the ultimate in goals in our society. They now have more free time to worry about race problems, about the haves and have-nots and about many other social problems that plague us. By being rebellious they are trying to tell us that something is wrong. Few, though, have the fortitude to do anything concrete to help solve our many problems. Those who protest against athletics do not realize that the same qualities taught by the athletic department—sacrifice, determi-

nation and patience—are also the building blocks for coping with and solving our social diseases.

Sometimes the coach of the old school underestimates the intelligence of his athletes. Today's young athletes are different from those of bygone days in that they know more and are absorbing more and more information all the time. They are capable of understanding why you run a zone pass defense instead of a man-on-man, if only you take time to explain it to them. The explanation will also help them perform your instructions more readily. Young people are not animals to be trained to follow orders without question. They are intelligent, understanding and responsive individuals to whom the coach can and must relate.

FRANCIS A. PETER

St. John the Evangelist School

Clyde, N.Y.

FRONT-RUNNERS

Sirs:

While Arts and Letters waxes "em in the East (*Companion of a Hero at Saratoga*, Aug. 25), my mind instinctively wanders out West to a certain big chestnut cooling his ankles at Del Mar. You see, I am not convinced yet that Arts and Letters can beat a healthy Majestic Prince. Since the Belmont, Arts and Letters has had his pick of bug snakes with relatively thin fields. If, as some suspect, Majestic Prince had signs of velvet trouble as early as before the Preakness, and this condition was responsible for John Longden's initial decision to skip the Belmont and the Prince's subsequent "choppy" (Whitney Tower's word) performance, all the talk in the world about "an astonishingly bad ride," "bumping in the Preakness" and Horse of the Year is wasted.

I'm no turf expert, only a fan, but my interest in racing has always been based on the premise that, when all is said and done about breeding and training and riding, the crux of racing is a test of a horse's courage. The record plainly shows that on two occasions this year Majestic Prince outran and outgamed Arts and Letters. So while Elliott Burch bemoans the luck that he thinks kept his horse from winning the Triple Crown, I'm cursing the luck that's kept Majestic Prince out of competition and ended the tests of courage that the spring had led me to expect of the summer and fall.

JAMIE ROGERS

Columbus, Ohio

STATISTICS

Sirs:

Thanks for the excellent article on Seymour (Sy) Swoff, who has made a successful business compiling and certifying sports

(continued)

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statistics (*This World Is the Law of Averages*, Aug. 18). However, let me be one of the first amateur baseball statisticians to correct the statement that the Mathewson brothers won the most games in the majors. The three Clarkson brothers (Arthur, John and Walter) from Cambridge, Mass. won 388 games and lost 231 in the National and American Leagues from 1882 through 1908.

WARREN McCALLANE

San Francisco

INTIMATE APPEAL

Sins:

Baseball enthusiasts should read two of your recent articles, *Kids' Crusade in Boston* (June 16) and *Baseball Boasts Again* (Aug. 4), because they survey a paradoxical situation of crowded old ball parks and largely empty, multipurpose new ones.

The multipurpose arena—the architectural elite of the last 10 years—manages to house both baseball and football as well as basketball and Billy Graham, but none of them well.

Football doesn't fare too badly. It requires a large stadium, the larger the better, and on only one day a week. The audience contact is with the action, which is constant and which moves up and down the field. But baseball requires only a modest-size stadium most of the time. The action is usually slower, and it is not as evenly distributed over the playing field. Thus many of the older parks have an intimate setting, which affords the proper audience contact with the players. This contact is what enables losing teams to continue to attract fans in the last 100 games of the season. The nonsymmetrical playing fields of the older ball parks also contribute more to the game than a lowered pitching mound.

As pointed out in your latter article, baseball and football also have somewhat different audiences. The crowd that grows up in cars in A & P parking lots and lives for the weekend date can get to the new stadiums. But baseball's less affluent weekday audience cannot.

I do not believe that the requirements of baseball and football cannot be met by a multipurpose stadium. But perhaps baseball owners should look more closely at what baseball fans enjoy before they turn the design of stadiums over to architects who seem to have decided that symmetry, lots of parking and no visible ports are all that count in making a good stadium.

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